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20) Mrs William J. Rotch
from her friends
Anna & Halton Pierson
in remembrance of her
Eightysecond anniversary
December first
1918

EDITED BY

Anna and Walton Ricketson

DANIEL RICKETSON AND HIS FRIENDS

NEW BEDFORD OF THE PAST

DANIEL RICKETSON
AUTOBIOGRAPHIC AND MISCELLANEOUS

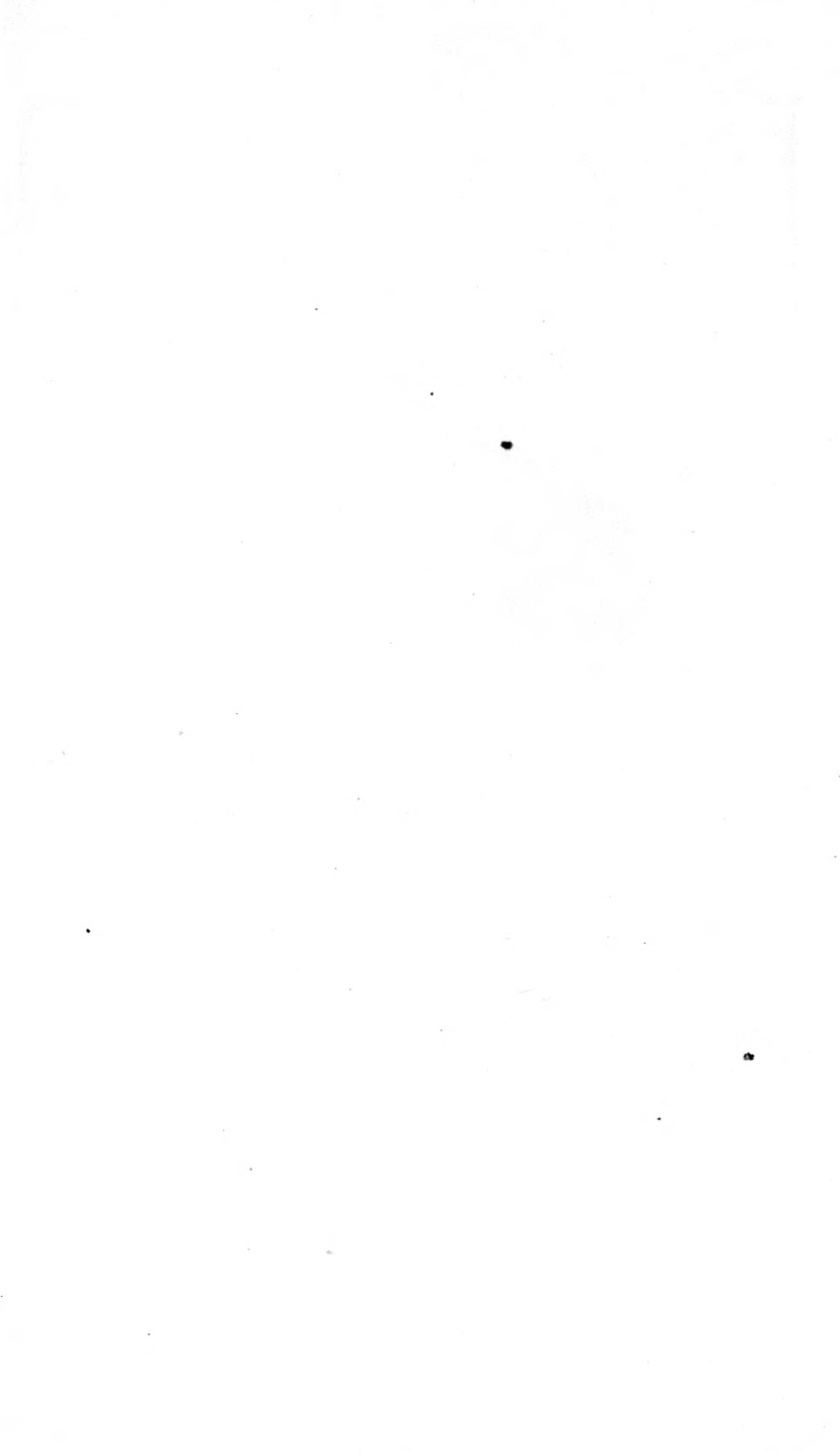
DANIEL RICKETSON

AUTOBIOGRAPHIC

AND

MISCELLANEOUS







Daniel Pickens

DANIEL RICKETSON

AUTOBIOGRAPHIC

AND

MISCELLANEOUS

EDITED BY

HIS DAUGHTER AND SON

ANNA AND WALTON RICKETSON

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

E. ANTHONY & SONS, INC.

1910

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To the Memory of
OUR PARENTS
DANIEL AND LOUISA RICKETSON
WE DEDICATE THIS BOOK

1703643

INTRODUCTORY

The encouraging words of our friend, Mr. F. B. Sanborn, regarding the following compilation, that it was "of great value," has given us courage to send it forth, hoping it may meet with the same satisfactory reception as our former volumes, and we here wish to express our thanks to those who have so generously allowed us to make use of letters, without which we feel that the book would have been incomplete.

EDITORS.

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*Within himself he found the law of right,
He walked by faith and not the letter's sight,
And read his Bible by the Inward Light.*

*His door was free to men of every name,
He welcomed all the seeking souls who came,
And no man's faith he made a cause of blame.*

*But best he loved in leisure hours to see
His own dear Friends sit by him knee to knee,
In social converse, genial, frank, and free.*

*Then guests, who lingered but farewell to say
And take love's message, went their homeward way;
So passed in peace the guileless Quaker's Day.*

WHITTIER.

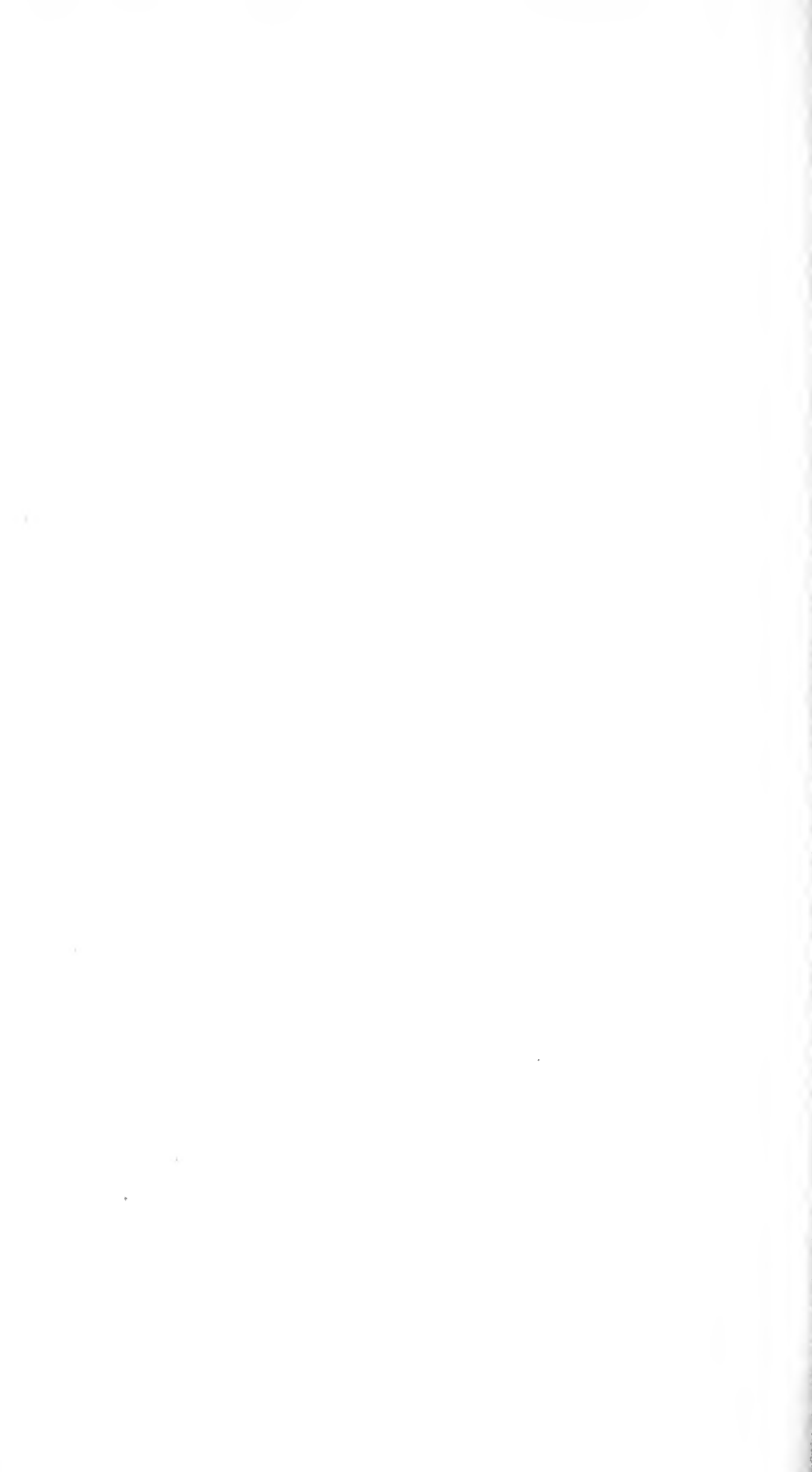
MY OBJECT

This will in some respects, I trust, be an original, and perhaps an unusual and strange record. Original, if anything can be so, wherein all have a stock in common to work with; our minds, as well as our bodies, being but fragments, or rather allotments from the great and general store-house of human life.

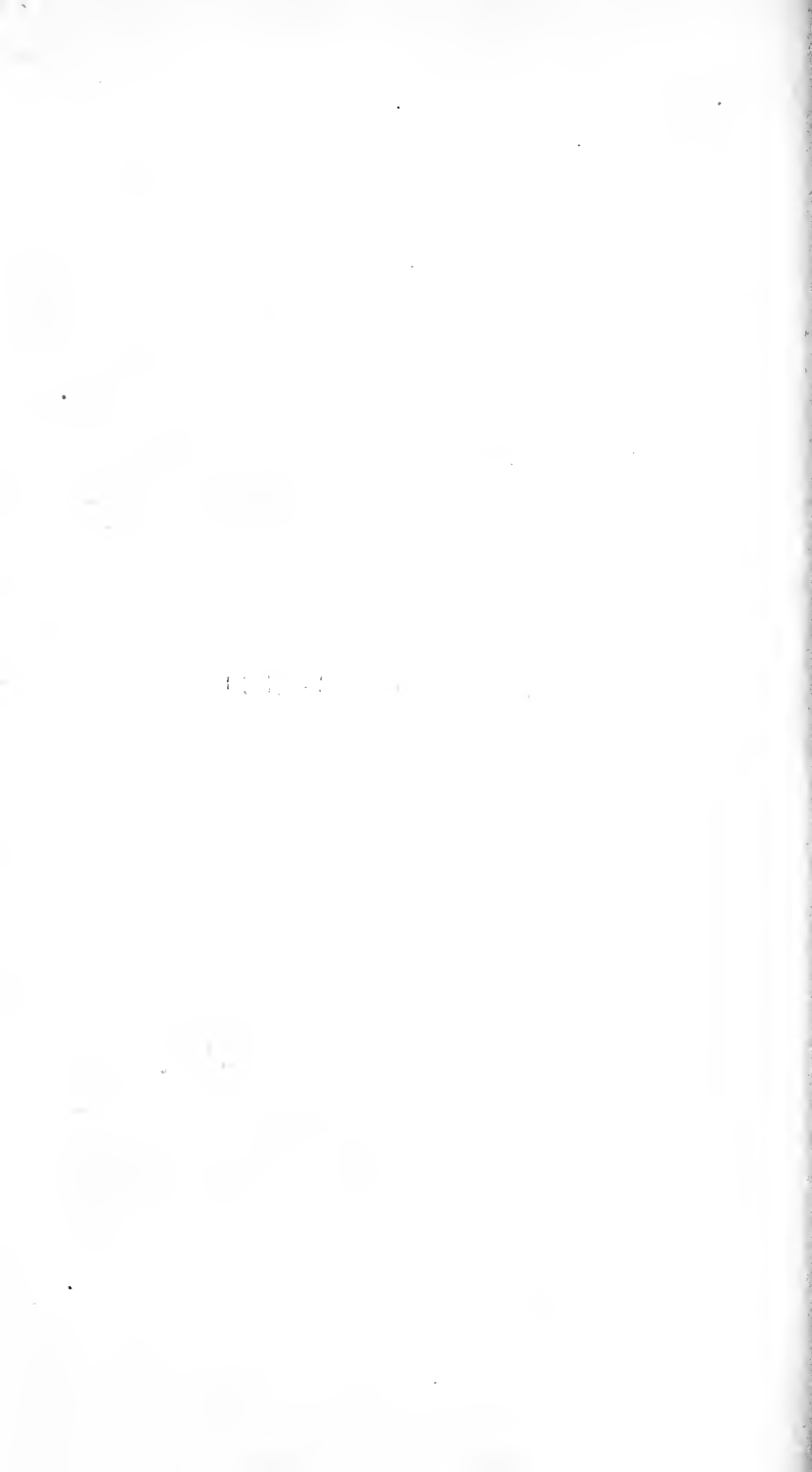
I intend to jot down my thoughts and experiences from time to time as they pass in quite a familiar and often homely manner. I do not pretend to be master of any particular style of composition or to possess any superior gift in this line. In fact I rather incline to an humble estimate of my literary powers and qualifications as a writer. This will in some respects be an autobiography I conclude, but whatever it may prove to be, if it should prove to be anything at all, it is my intention to be honest and true, and to aim not only to amuse myself, but to afford to others, and particularly the young and struggling, the advantage of my experiences, both as it regards my failures and successes.

Having made this preamble, this eighth day of the month called February, A. D. Eighteen Hundred and fifty-eight, in the latter part of the afternoon of said day, I shall leave these new blank pages before me, to be filled up at such times as I may have anything to record; in doing which I shall aim at no particular arrangement.

D. R.



JOURNAL 1858—1890



JOURNAL 1858-1890

Having for some time felt a desire to record a history of my life, I have now undertaken it, not that it may have been particularly eventful or interesting to others than my own family who may survive me; yet with the impression that the events however humble of any life faithfully recorded may prove beneficial to the reader thereof, I hope to produce that which may not be entirely useless to others. I think I can say in looking over the long course of years now nearly seventy-five I have lived, notwithstanding the usual sins of commission and omission and the consequent sorrow and remorse therefrom, my life has been a peaceful and happy one, largely owing to my love of Nature and a desire to live acceptably to Nature's God.

I was born in New Bedford, Mass., July 30th, 1813, the eldest son of Joseph and Anna Thornton Ricketson, in the house of my grandfather, Daniel Ricketson, built by him in the year 1770. At this time my father and grandfather had met with so great losses that my father had let his own house, and commenced housekeeping again at his father's. I am the sixth generation in my paternal line inclusive of the first of our name who settled in the old township of Dartmouth, which originally included New Bedford and the present

towns of Dartmouth, Westport, Fairhaven and Acushnet.

The following is the pedigree of the branch of the Ricketson family to which I belong as far as I have been able to trace it:

I found the name of William Ricketson in the Records at Plymouth as early as 1695. (William Ricketson died March 1st, 1691. The name of his wife, Elizabeth, appears in the Confirmatory Deed of Dartmouth, 1694.) The original "Ricketson House" is still standing in the Township of Westport, about four miles s. w. from Russells Mills, and with the latter place was included in the old Township of Dartmouth. He was undoubtedly one of the original proprietors of the township, as I find his name recorded in the Proprietors' Record in a transfer of real estate to his sons, which is described as in the Eight Hundred acre division. The farm is said to have extended from the Acoaxet to the Pascamanset river.

The name of Elizabeth Ricketson is found among the list of proprietors in the Confirmatory Deed of Dartmouth from William Bradford, Deputy Governor, Nov. 13th, 1694.

William and Elizabeth Mott Ricketson's children as recorded in the Dartmouth town records were as follows:

Rebecca, born May 14th, 1681.


John, born Feb. 11th, 1683.

Elizabeth, born Sept. 1st, 1684.

William, born Feb. 26th, 1686.

Jonathan, born April 7th, 1688.

Timothy, born Jan. 22nd, 1690.



Old Ricketson House
Home of William and Elizabeth Mott Ricketson

was a member of Westport, 1847, 1850 and 1851.

The following is the outline of the branch of the Ricketson family now living as far as can be ascertained by me.

Edward, the name of William Ricketson in the Register of Deeds of Massachusetts. (William Ricketson of New Bedford, the name of his wife, Elizabeth, appears in the probatory bond of Deaconship, 1814). The name of Ricketson Home is still standing in the township of Westport, about three miles from Russell's Mill, and within the township included in the old Township of Northampton. The name is probably one of the original proprietors of the township, as a Ricketson name appears in the Report of the Board of Commissioners of the State of Massachusetts, 1820, as a proprietor of land in the township.

Edward Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1780. His wife, Elizabeth, born in New Bedford, 1780. Their children were: William Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1800. Elizabeth Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1805. John Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1810. Mary Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1815. Rebecca Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1820. William Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1825. Elizabeth Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1830. John Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1835. Mary Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1840. Rebecca Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1845. William Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1850. Elizabeth Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1855. John Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1860. Mary Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1865. Rebecca Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1870. William Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1875. Elizabeth Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1880. John Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1885. Mary Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1890. Rebecca Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1895. William Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1900. Elizabeth Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1905. John Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1910. Mary Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1915. Rebecca Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1920. William Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1925. Elizabeth Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1930. John Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1935. Mary Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1940. Rebecca Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1945. William Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1950. Elizabeth Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1955. John Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1960. Mary Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1965. Rebecca Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1970. William Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1975. Elizabeth Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1980. John Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1985. Mary Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1990. Rebecca Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1995.

Edward Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1780. His wife, Elizabeth, born in New Bedford, 1780. Their children were: William Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1800. Elizabeth Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1805. John Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1810. Mary Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1815. Rebecca Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1820. William Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1825. Elizabeth Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1830. John Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1835. Mary Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1840. Rebecca Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1845. William Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1850. Elizabeth Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1855. John Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1860. Mary Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1865. Rebecca Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1870. William Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1875. Elizabeth Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1880. John Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1885. Mary Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1890. Rebecca Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1895. William Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1900. Elizabeth Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1905. John Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1910. Mary Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1915. Rebecca Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1920. William Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1925. Elizabeth Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1930. John Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1935. Mary Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1940. Rebecca Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1945. William Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1950. Elizabeth Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1955. John Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1960. Mary Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1965. Rebecca Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1970. William Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1975. Elizabeth Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1980. John Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1985. Mary Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1990. Rebecca Ricketson, born in New Bedford, 1995.

William and Elizabeth Ricketson had children as recorded in the Deeds of Massachusetts, which were as follows:

- Rebecca, born May 17, 1800.
- William, born Feb. 14, 1805.
- Elizabeth, born Sept. 10, 1810.
- Mary, born Feb. 10, 1815.
- John, born April 10, 1820.
- Thomas, born Jan. 20, 1825.




Jonathan R., son of William R., Sr., and my great great grandfather, was born as above April 7th, 1688, and died Oct. 16th, 1768, aged 80 years, 7 months and 9 days.

Daniel Ricketson, my grandfather, and son of John Ricketson, was born in Dartmouth at Russells Mills 8th mo. 19th, 1745, old style, and died at my father's house 8th mo. 10, 1824, in the 80th year of his age. He had lost his mind several years previous by apoplexy. He was bred to the trade of a cooper, and afterwards took to a seafaring life and became a master. His voyages were to the South and the West Indies, but after my father became of age, or perhaps some few years after, they joined together in mercantile business under the name of Daniel Ricketson & Son. He was a member of the Society of Friends, as had been his fathers before him, and in his prime was a man of fine personal appearance. His height was about 5 feet 6 inches, robust and well made. As I remember him slightly corpulent, and erect. His eye was darkish grey, and his nose of a fine Roman model, his complexion fresh. He always wore the dress of the Society of Friends, which was usually a light drab coat of good English broadcloth, long dark velvet waistcoat and silver buttons, and velvet or cloth breeches, silver knee-buckles, and silver shoe-buckles or top boots in cold weather, a broad brimmed black beaver hat and a handsome silver-mounted cane with ivory head completed his dress, except in cold weather an overcoat of drab. He was fond of domestic animals, and horticulture,

having one of the best gardens in the place. He was very hospitable, though rather impulsive and irritable. His table was remarkable for good fare. He was esteemed as an honest generous-hearted man, and left an unblemished character behind him.

His wife, my grandmother, whom I remember with much affection for her kind and gentle manners, was Rebecca Russell, daughter of Joseph Russell and Judith Howland. She died at my father's house 3d mo. 1, 1837, aged 90 years. Her father J. R., was in his time the most wealthy person in the place, and the first who engaged in the whale fishery in New Bedford, or Bedford as it was first called. The place received its name from a suggestion of Joseph Rotch, who early removed to Bedford from Nantucket, the family name of the Duke of Bedford being Russell, and the old man was sometimes called "the Duke." He was also a Quaker and had the reputation of being rather a stern man, but at times quite liberal. He gave the lot of land, about $\frac{1}{2}$ an acre, on which the large brick meeting-house of the Society of Friends stands, the present worth of which must be nearly \$8,000.

To my great grandfather Joseph Russell I am indebted, as well as my brother Joseph, for the valuable real estate we own in New Bedford, it being given to my grandmother on her marriage. The lot of land on Main, then King, and now Union Street was at that time valued at one hundred pounds, or five hundred dollars, containing one-half an acre, and for which I am now taxed



Rebecca Russell Rickelson

himself as a man of "garden" in the city. He was very kind and generous, rather positive and strict, but his heart was remarkable for goodness. He was a man of a very generous heart, and he was a man of a very noble character indeed.

His wife was a woman of a very noble character, and much after the same manner as the late Countess, was Elizabeth, daughter of Joseph Russell and Judith Howland. She died at my father's house Edmo. H. Hill, age 70 years. Her father, John, was a rich man, and a great wealthy person in one place, and they were engaged in the wharf trade in New Bedford, and he died as a rich man. The price he paid for some time suggested at Joseph, who only was a man of Bedford, New York, the family name of the "Dagwood Bedford" age 70 years, and his name was something like "the Duke." He was a rich man and had the reputation of being rather a strict man, but he was quite liberal. He gave about of about 100,000 dollars, on which the large bank had a share of the Society of Friends, the price of worth of which must be nearly \$5,000.

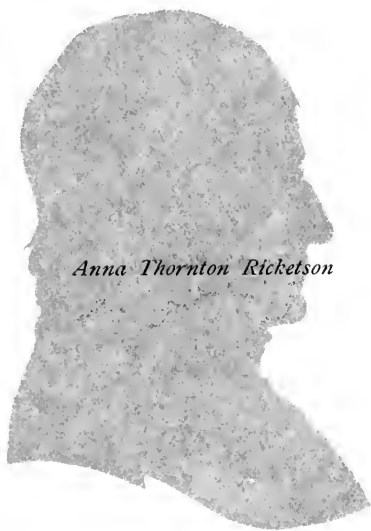
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Joseph Ricketson



Anna Thornton Ricketson



(1855) \$17,000, and is probably worth \$20,000.

Joseph Russell was probably descended from John Russell, who came from Pontipool, Monmouthshire, England, and established an iron forge at Russells Mills, Dartmouth, the place receiving its name from him.

The children of my grand-parents, Daniel and Rebecca Ricketson, were:—Joseph and Jonathan. Jonathan was a sailor, and died in New Orleans.

Joseph Ricketson, my father, son of Daniel Ricketson, was born 7th mo. 27, 1771 (probably in his father's house built 1770, in which I was also born 1813), and died in New Bedford, 10th mo. 9, 1841, aged 70 years.

Anna Thornton, my mother, was born in Smithfield, R. I., 4th mo. 23, 1786, and died in Middleborough August 6th, 1827, aged 41 years. Her parents were Elisha and Anna Read Thornton. She was a woman of slender constitution, but of the most affectionate and devoted spirit. Her countenance embodied to my youthful mind all that was lovable in a mother. She was a small woman, and in youth was handsome, she had a fine dark eye and dark hair. I cherish her memory with great veneration.

My father was a man of rather delicate organization, and by no means handsome, yet his countenance beamed of honesty and goodness, and few men have possessed so large a share of these rare qualities. He had his faults which chiefly arose from an irascible disposition, but he was generous and noble-hearted and possessed true courage. He once wrenched a loaded pistol from the hand

of a young man who had basely attacked a friend and neighbor of his.

The children of Joseph and Anna Ricketson, were Daniel and Joseph, also two little girls who died in infancy.

Daniel Ricketson, son of Joseph and Anna R., was born in New Bedford, July 30th, 1813.*

Louisa Sampson, wife of Daniel Ricketson, was born in Plymouth, Mass., October 22nd, 1813, died in New Bedford, Mass., May 14th, 1877. D. and L. R. married in New Bedford, Mass., by Rev. Austin J. Roberts, Jan. 27th, 1834, in the house where I was born, corner of Union and Third Sts.; then occupied by Mrs. Ruth Lobdell Sampson, widow of Hon. Zabdiel Sampson of Plymouth, Mass. The evening clear and cold. Our wedding was a very simple and quiet one, only a few of the relatives of us both being present. After the marriage we were taken in a coach to our house No. 109 Elm St., where we continued to live eleven years until August 1st, 1845, and where our four children were born, Arthur, Anna, Walton and Emma. A larger part of the happiest period of my life, though not without its drawbacks, were passed in this humble domicile.†

My only brother, named for our father, Joseph was born March 13th, 1815, at our home on Main Street, our father and mother having moved there

*NOTE.—Daniel Ricketson, son of Joseph and Anna R., died in New Bedford, July 16th, 1898.—EDITORS.

†NOTE.—On Nov. 10th, 1880, at the Friends' Meeting House, Apponaganset, Daniel Ricketson married for his second wife, Angeline, daughter of Philip and Eunice Kelley Gidley of Dartmouth, Mass.—EDITORS.





Daniel Ricketson

From crayon portrait by Charles Martin.



Louisa Ricketson.

From crayon portrait by Charles Martin.





during my infancy, this becoming our permanent abode until after the death of our mother in 1827, and the subsequent marriage of our father to his third wife. Very pleasant was our home,—the house a good sized one, with ample grounds around it, with ornamental and fruit trees, and the front yards nicely laid out with box borders, at the corners on each side near the front gate, were two snowball bushes (Guelder Rose) of large size, whose profuse blossoms were much admired; a “smoke bush,” an “*arbor vitæ*” in the centre of each box-circle either side of the flags from the gate to the front door—a dwarf magnolia, and Persian lilac, with our beautiful and fragrant “damask roses,” my favorite of all roses still, white roses, and cinnamon—these made our front yards particularly pleasant when the horse-chestnuts and catalpa were in bloom, the former a row in front, and the other in the west yard, a noble tree the shade of which was delightful in the sultry days of summer. Our garden afforded us currants, red and white, as well as vegetables, and beyond extended our fields of several acres. One of my earliest reminiscences (I hardly dare say memories,) is of being carried out into the “meadows” (as we called them) after the hay had been “cocked up” at night to see it, and of losing one of my shoes. Another of being carried in the arms of my maternal grandfather, Elisha Thornton 1st, a tall venerable looking man in the old dress of Friends. As he died on the last day of the year 1815 at the age of about 70 years, I could have been only about two and a half years old.

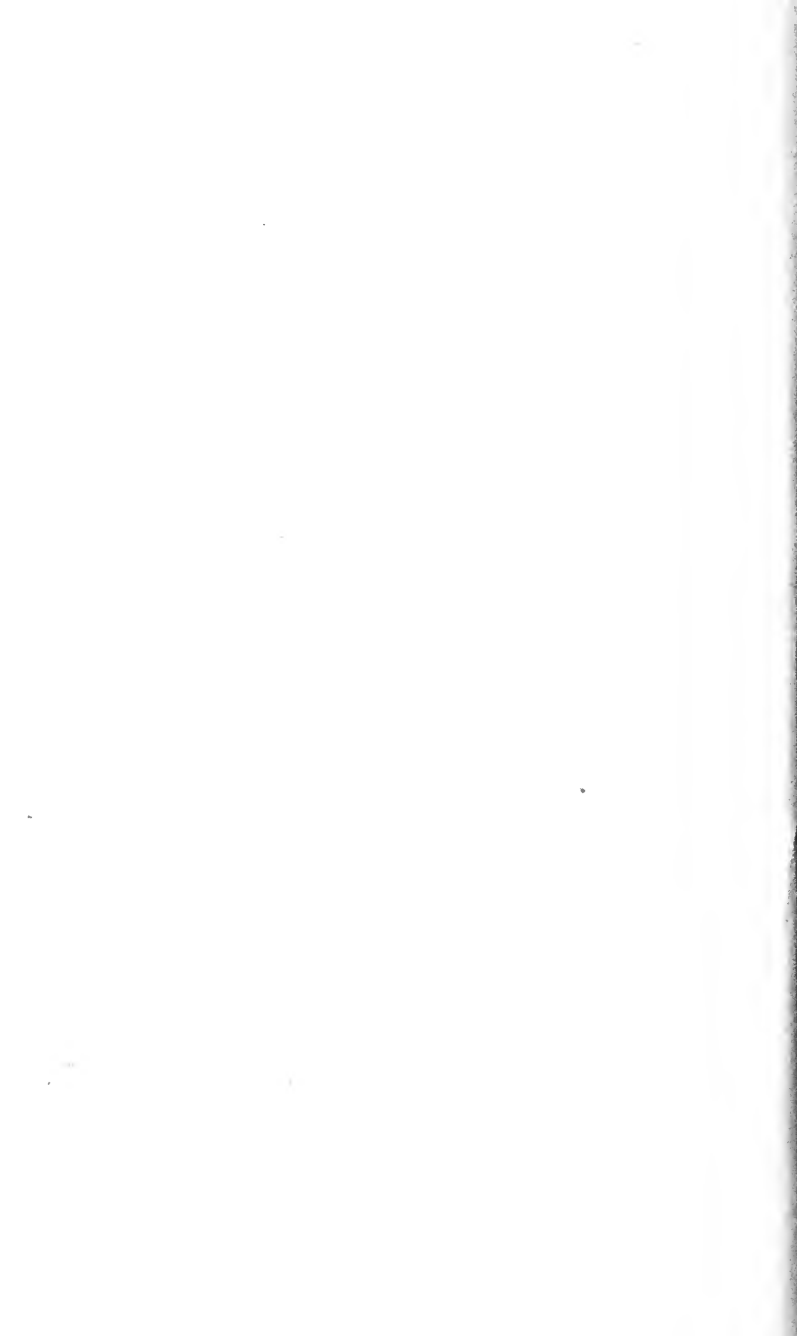
Among the most delightful events of my childhood were two visits to Smithfield, R. I., with my mother and brother to visit our widowed grandmother. We travelled in a coach with a pair of bobtailed bay horses, driven by William White, the owner. Our maid Nancy, and our little dog Joy, occupied the seats with us. Our first day's journey was to Providence via Fall River, then known as Troy, a small village with a factory or two. The next day we reached grandmother Thornton's in Smithfield, 16 miles from Providence. It seemed a large place when compared with our little town. I remember hearing the city clock strike during the night, which sounded quite grand to my untutored ears. In riding through the country I was sometimes on the seat with our driver, and I remember among objects of attraction, the apple trees in bloom, a most delightful sight to me. We were several weeks in Smithfield, every moment of which I enjoyed highly. At the front of the house was a nice garden, and I remember a hoe of my Uncle Daniel T.'s having the handle nicely covered with leather. There was a pond known as "Craft's Pond," and dam over which we crossed to go to the "sand hill" and woods. And not far beyond an old farmhouse where "Aunt Hannah Read" and her daughter Rhoda with two brothers, Hansen and Farnum, then great overgrown boys or young men. Our little dog "Joy" was our constant companion, and I had a little whip which I prized highly but bruised the handle beating it on the rail that separated the garden from the path to the front



Arthur Ricketson, M. D.

were the most delightful events of my childhood. My first visit to Smithfield, B. I., with my father and brother to visit our widowed grandmother. We travelled in a coach with a pair of horses and bay horses, driven by William White, the owner. Our maid Nancy, and our little dog Joy, occupied the seats with us. Our first day's journey was to Providence via Fall River, then known as Troy, a small village with a factory or two. The next day we reached another Thornton's in Smithfield, 10 miles from Providence. It seemed a large place when compared with our little town. I remember seeing the city clock strike during the night, and it sounded quite strange to my untrained ears. In riding through the country I was sometimes on the seat with our driver, and I remember seeing objects of attraction, the apple trees, and ~~the~~ a most delightful sight to me. We were seven weeks in Smithfield, every moment of which I treasured highly. At the front of the house was a garden, and I remember a box of Mrs. Daniel T.'s having the handle neatly covered with leather. There was a pond known as "Crab's pond," and dam over which we crossed to go to the "sand hill" and woods. And not far beyond an old farmhouse where "Aunt Hannah Reed" and her daughter Ruelia with two brothers, Bensen and Parman, then great well-grown boys, were young men. Our little dog "Joy" was our constant companion, and I had a little whip which I prized highly but bruised the handle beating down the rail that separated the garden from the path to the front





doors of the house, which I much regretted. The old farmhouse, barn and crib in the angle of the roads near Uncle Geo. Read's were places I often visited, as well as the next farm, Rowland Rathborn's, whose sons, somewhat older than myself and brother Joseph, were very kind to us. I remember a peculiar carriage the family used for going to meeting (Friends') having a door in the back with steps like a coach. Some twenty years after I saw a carriage passing out of New Bedford westward that I have ever thought to be the same. Among old family letters, I came across some that passed between my father and mother during this visit, he being confined to his business as Cashier of the Bedford Commercial Bank; they are marked by a true and faithful regard and affection for each other and their children.

It seems fitting to insert two of these letters here.—EDITORS.

FOURTH DAY EVE.

D'R ANNA—As I never know where I shall end when I begin to write and lest I might forget that most essential of things, my love to thee and the boys, Dan'l and Rachel, and thus I have begun with it; this thou knows was my advice to thee not long since when thou was writing to one of thy sisters, I do not recollect which—now here's Joy dancing under my feet whining for the boys. I think he is the most lonesome of the family—a poor compliment to thee, but never mind thou knows I have but little time to be lonesome.

I think by this time, having been gone so long,

thou must begin to wish thou knew how affairs go on in Bedford. *Imprimis*—our house stands just where it did when thou left home, the trees and shrubs have not been removed nor is it probable they will before thou returns, so that I think it likely thou will know thy own home; not like a New York dandy who had been gone three long months to London; when he landed enquired for his father's house—I have forgotten his name, but I think his father married a second wife at Nantucket.

I begin to think I have a part of a New Light as I depend wholly upon inspiration for what I may write. They say the spirit dictates, and what it dictates is always right, at least I have been so informed, but I hope it will never lead me to try my strength as it did a certain mister Lect;—begone Joy—this little teaser has quite driven the spirit off, whether it has gone to the heavens or into the bowels of the earth I know not, and if it does not return soon I shall be obliged to quit, for dull and unentertaining indeed must be a letter when every word is forced or dragged along like an unruly child hanging back with all his strength. Joy be still and let the dogs and cats alone. I would quit if it were not to tell thee I had thought I should not write, having been considerably driven today; but since tea feeling refreshed after the fatigues of a very warm day, I concluded to write lest thou might be disappointed.

I shall not expect you before seventh day and shall not be much disappointed if thou should not



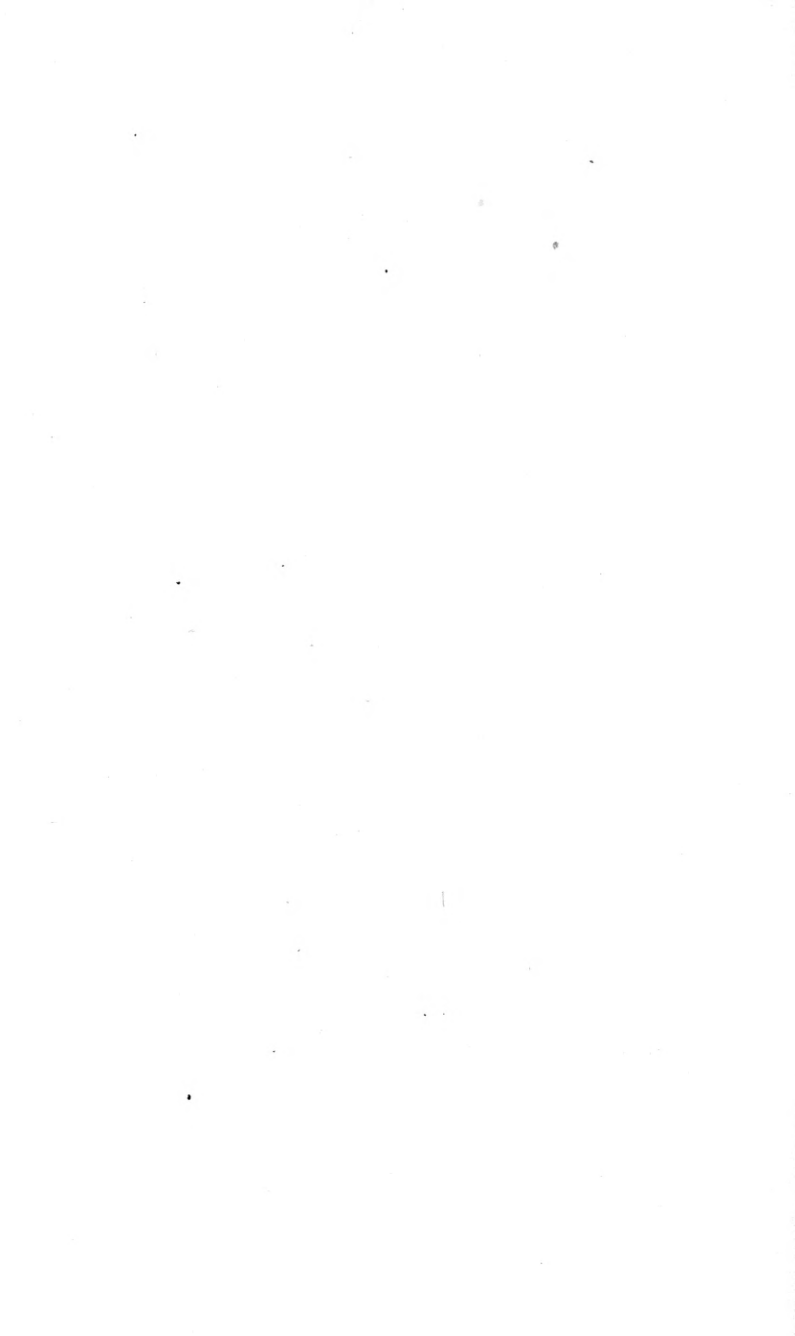
Anna Ricketson

thou must begin to wish thou knew how affairs go on in Bedford. *Imprimis*—our house stands just where it did when thou left home, the trees and shrubs have not been removed nor is it probable they will before thou returns, so that I think it likely thou wilt know thy own home; not like a New York dandy who had been gone three long months to London; when he landed enquired for his father's house—I have forgotten his name, but I think his father married a second wife at Nantucket.

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I shall not expect you before seventh day and shall not be much disappointed if thou should not





come then, here is another compliment, but I shall not erase it, for that would be quenching the spirit.

Tomorrow I shall dine out, but what I shall do next day I cannot tell as I am no profit—this word is spelled wrong, but I have been so immersed in Profit & Loss accounts that I had almost forgotten there was any other way to spell it.

I miss the boys. Tell them to be good and then I shall be glad to see them when they return. The kittens will be so grown they will hardly know them but Joy will not be much larger.

Thine,
J. R.

N. BEDFORD, 6 mo. 6, 1821.

MY DEAR ANNA—When I was about to seal my last week's Diary, I thought I would read it over and correct it but on further consideration I thought if I did read it I should burn it, knowing it to be such a nonsensical mess, and if I should destroy it I should not have time to write anything and that would be a disappointment to thee. I never found more truth in the Frenchman's apology for writing a long letter ("that he had not time to write a short one") than I did in my last. If that be not the sole reason, I have another, viz:—having almost the whole of my life been confined in writing letters of business in which one is completely fenced in, for in such letters you must say just so much and no more, but now when I come to write familiarly I find the fences broken down and myself like a wild horse turned loose snorting and starting upon the

full run and when I stop, stop short, and then run again 'till I am exhausted. . . . (for a subject, thou may say). This is not so for I have none and can one be exhausted of that which they never possessed? This thou must consider as only chit-chat, which, sometimes is as agreeable among intimate friends as a learned discussion, tho' not so profitable for the mental faculties; yet perhaps quite as likely, (and may I not say more so?) to promote harmony; for the one often begets warmth in maintaining the point, (why did I not think of argument, point is a small term for so great a subject,) while the other produces those pleasing sensations which unite friends to friends; one is "Stubborn as a mule," while the other is as gentle and frolicsome as a lamb. I can say in truth my sole object has been to please and if I have taken the wrong course thou must tell me in thy next. I think, however, I may grow more tame when I get fatigued with running; but thou must never expect I shall say much about Love let me feel what I may. Pindar says—

We must not be forever ogling, toying, kissing, billing;
 The joys for which I thousands would have given
 Will presently be scarcely worth a shilling.

This I believe to be a truth, if it be not a well measured couplet. If Olive should chance to read this she will say I have lately been to school to Stern,—I have not, nor have I seen him that I recollect for many years.

Nothing having occurred to be interesting to thee at least at this time which is 3 o'clk, I shall



Walton Ricketson

till run and when I stop, stop short and then run again 'till I am exhausted. (I mean for a subject, thou may say). This is not so; I have none and can one be exhausted at all when they never possessed? This thou may consider as only chit-chat, which, sometimes is allowable among intimate friends as a diversion, or passion, tho' not so profitable for the general faculties; yet perhaps quite as likely, (and may I not say more so?) to promote happiness for the one often begets warmth in the other, (why did I not think of a subject? the point is a small term for so great a result) the one produces those pleasures which such intimate friends to friends; one is to be taken notice of while the other is as gentle as a breeze to a sail. I can say in truth that I have never been so pleas'd and if I have taken any pleasure in the world I will tell me in thy next letter. However, I may not have more time when I am engaged with running; but thou must not think I care, I shall say much about it and let me feel that I care. Pindar says—

We must not be forever ogling, toying, kissing, billing;
The joys that thousands would have given
Will prove themselves scarcely worth a sailing.

This I believe to be a truth, if it be not a well measured course of pleasures should chance to read this she will say she has already been to school to Stern, I have not seen him since I seen him that I recollect for many years.

Nothing having else to be interesting to thee at least at this time, I shall bid thee adieu. I shall



amuse myself with my reflections about thee and our boys. I hope they have been obedient, and not given thee much anxiety. I miss the dear little fellows more and more, and so does father and mother. Mother says she has nobody to eat her cake.

I am in hopes to get a letter from thee this evening, but unless it should be necessary I shall not answer it at this time.

Thine truly,

J. RICKETSON.

CONCLUSION OF A DISCOURSE GIVEN IN THE UNION-STREET CHURCH, ON THE AFTERNOON OF OCTOBER 10, 1841

Yesterday just at this hour, quietly passed away one, who for the last fifty years has been hardly less than any one now living, connected with the business and general welfare of the town. With some of the faults which belong to a too hasty temperament, his heart and his hand were given to every great measure for the improvement of man. Few men took an interest in so many and such various ways of doing good. The evils of war and slavery pressed heavily upon his thoughts, and were not with him subjects for speculation alone. Nor were his sympathies, as we often find, all absorbed in these, as some think, distant evils. He was scrupulously conscientious and exact in all his dealings with men. Placed

often in situations of delicate and heavy responsibility, no man ever questioned his perfect integrity. In the relations of home and of good neighborhood or friendship he was ardent in his feelings and not found wanting. He was the seaman's friend, the poor man's friend, and feeling how great a portion of human suffering comes from intemperance, he lent his whole soul to whatever measures might promise to remove that blot and curse from the world. He was the friend of religion;—not bound to a sect, but the follower of Jesus. He was the friend of education and interested in whatever might elevate the mind and character of the young. I remember once, that he was much affected by a visit to our Sunday school, and after inquiry how it was sustained, of his own free will contributed liberally to its support. He had his infirmities, and of them no man could be more conscious than he. All his virtues were to him as nothing; he placed no reliance on them, and seemed almost pained by any reference to them. For with all his quickness, decision and warmth, he was profoundly humble. His last prayer, that we could hear, was for submission. "I put my trust," he said, "in my Saviour alone," and he hoped by him to be presented to that God whom he felt himself unworthy to call his Father.

And so may we put our trust in Him, that He may be to us "the resurrection and the life." Then "tho' we were dead! yet shall we live. And he that liveth and believeth in Him shall never die."*

*Joseph Ricketson, Sr., died 10 mo. 9th, 1841.—EDITORS.



Emma Louisa Ricketson

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And so may we put our trust in Him, that He may be to us "the new heaven and the new life." Then "tho' we were dead in our sins, we live. And he that liveth and believeth in Him shall never die."





Of a happy disposition, it was impossible for me not to get a good deal of enjoyment out of life, but it was my misfortune to be a dull and indolent scholar, and thus brought down the frowns and punishments of our school-teachers with two exceptions—the one of whom I learned my letters or first lessons in spelling, Hannah Norton, and the other my old teacher in Latin at the Friends' Academy, George Newell. It was a joyous day to me when the Friends' Academy which had been closed since 1820, was reopened in March, 1824, under the superintendence of George Newell, a graduate of Harvard College, 1823, a delicate, scholarly looking man, who died in 1831. The school was continued under his teaching two years—the happiest of all my school days. My physical strength was much increased by our games particularly those with ball, at which I became quite expert, and in the gymnasium which was set up in the west yard in 1826. I soon stood among the foremost in these athletic exercises. I commenced the study of Latin in March, 1824, under my favorite teacher Newell with Adam's Latin Grammar, from which I went to Liber Primus and *Vivi Romae*, and so on in after years to Virgil, Cicero and Sallust—then came the Greek Grammar and Greek Reader. Of my teachers from 1825 to 1831 I need make no further comment, than that I utterly failed in scholarship largely owing to my own distaste for study and perhaps for the want of ability, as well as for teachers unqualified by disposition or classical qualification—so that when I came to Harvard for

examination in 1831 I failed and was set aside in about every study. So after passing a few months in an ineffectual attempt to meet another examination at the end of the term, I returned home entirely discouraged and gave up the idea of college altogether.

During the following spring of 1832 I entered as a student at law with John Summers Russell, with whom I passed a year, when through failing health he was obliged to leave his profession. He was well read in his profession and an honest practitioner, a man of cultivation in literature and of elegant penmanship. He was fond of wild flowers and I remember with pleasure the botanical walks we took together. I found a gentle companion as well as kind instructor. He died between 30 and 40 years of age and was buried in the family ground known as the "Russell Farm." His remains have since the farm passed out of the family been removed to the city.

I should here mention that the great loss of my early years was in the death of my dearly beloved mother who died in 1827, at the age of 41 years. Her memory has ever remained sacred, and O, if it be permitted or so ordained, that living hearts may meet again after this life, I fondly entertain the hope that such may be my happy lot. From the spring of 1832 to the fall of 1836, I was supposed to be a student at law, but very little did I learn of its detail—except a fair knowledge of Jurisprudence as found in Blackstone's Commentaries, I learned but little. In a desultory way I read over "Comyn on Contracts," "Bailey on



Elm Street House

examination in 1821 I failed and was obliged to reside in about every study. So after pursuing some months in an ineffectual attempt to meet success at examination at the end of the term I returned home entirely discouraged and determined to give up of college altogether.

During the following year (1822) I entered as a student at law with the gentlemen Russell, with whom I passed the year, when through failing health he was obliged to leave his profession. He was well read in his profession and an honest practitioner, a man of cultivation in literature and of elegant penmanship. He was fond of wild flowers and I remember that during the botanical walks we took together he was a gentle companion as well as an excellent one. He died between 30 and 40 years of age and was buried in the family ground known as "Russell Farm." His remains have since ^{been} ^{removed} ^{from} ^{the} ^{place} ^{and} ^{passed} ^{out} ^{of} ^{the} ^{family} ^{been} ^{removed} ^{to} ^{the} ^{city}.

I should here mention that the great loss of my early years was in the death of my dearly beloved mother who died in 1812 at the age of 41 years. Her memory has ever remained sacred, and O, if it be permitted or so ordained, that living hearts may meet again after this life, I fondly entertain the hope that such shall be my happy lot. From the spring of 1822 to the fall of 1836, I was supposed to be a student of law, but very little did I learn of its details, except a general knowledge of Jurisprudence as found in Blackstone's Commentaries. I learned but little, and in a desultory way I read over "Comyn on Pleas" and "Bailey on





Bills" (Story), "Angell on Water Courses and Tide Waters," learned a little about Conveyancing, etc., so that when I was admitted as an Atty. & Counsellor at Law in Taunton Law Term in 1836 I was as poorly qualified as possible for the profession. However, I took a law student's room and put out my "shingle" "D. RICKETSON'S OFFICE." This kept along for about two years with little or no success. About this time—1838—my father, brother and myself became connected in business and my office became our Counting Room.

To go back a few years—about the year 1828-9, my poetical taste was awakened by an old copy of Cowper's Task which I found in a chest of old books and papers in my father's garret, where I used to resort and enjoy my solitude in the sweet companionship I found in this poem. I began to enjoy solitary rambles, and found comfort and consolation from Nature. Cowper has ever been my favorite poet, his letters also for many years afforded me most interesting and instructive reading, by which I became familiar with his favorite localities about Olney and Weston, and his friends, particularly the Throckmortons, whose influence on him was productive of much happiness, while that of John Newton appears to have deepened his despondency at times. I still cling to my early love of this excellent poet and devout Christian—truly has he been called "The Poet of the New Testament."

With Cowper's Task, Thompson's Seasons, the Poems of John Mariott, a Friend, and Henry

Kirke White were comprehended about all the verse I was acquainted with except that of my maternal grandfather, Elisha Thornton, Sr., whose memory has ever been held sacred by his family and a large circle of friends.

GENERAL RULES, ETC., ETC.

1830—AGE 16-17

To rise at 6. Dress and exercise till 7. Greek till 9. Latin till 2. Greek till 5. Exercise and supper till 6. After supper, one hour to loose reading, etc., till 9 Greek. About 9 hours study per day.

TABLE

To eat not exceeding 2 biscuits at a meal, and but a little butter. To be sober, and not to eat fast.

COMMON

Not to say much; or court the favor of anyone. To bear in mind that entering College next year marks my future fortune. To keep in mind—and what may happen in future depends upon my present conduct—and to behave myself in such a manner as to be of advantage in future. To keep clean and dress not better than my companions. To persevere in whatever I may undertake if it be laudable. Never to ridicule sacred things or what others may esteem as such, however absurd they may be. Never to resent a supposed injury till I know the views and motives of the author of it. Never to judge a person's character by external appearance. Never to dispute with an

old man more than seventy years of age, nor with a woman, nor with an enthusiast. Not to affect to be witty or to jest so as to wound the feelings of another. To say as little as possible of myself. To aim at cheerfulness without levity. Not to obtrude my advice unasked. To speak with calmness and consideration on all occasions; especially in circumstances which tend to irritate. To be civil to all; especially to the poor, needy, feeble, old and unfortunate. To think twice before speaking. To beware of pride.

RULES WITH REGARD TO MY BUSINESS

1. Never to undertake any case in which I may wrong, or aid in injuring anyone; nor lend my assistance to any one whosoever in prosecuting wrongfully.

2. In whatever I may engage to act with faithfulness to my client, and with a full conviction of the justness of his suit.

3. To keep cool, and attentive during the pending of any case in which I may become concerned, and if my opponent be unnecessarily excited, or in anger, to check all passion and endeavor to take the advantage of his rashness, as far as I may deem proper.

4. Office rules. To be courteous in my conduct and at all times to maintain self-respect.

When the fee be a matter of discretion with myself, never to be exorbitant, but rather to the contrary.

5. Whenever it be in my power, to assist the

poor and opprest in recovering their rights, and without charge.

6. To do all as under the eye of God.

Oct. 3d, 1836.

EVENTS IN EARLY LIFE

1824. Commenced going to school at the Friends' Academy in March of this year; Geo. Newell, teacher—began Latin Grammar first quarter. Troubled with dull headaches occasionally. Sat in an old carriage body on Elm St.

1825. At School at Academy. Attended the marriage of Thos. O'Connor and Katharine Congdon, March 26th, in company with Nancy, sister of the bridegroom. Rode to Smith's Mills with father and Joe one afternoon this summer to attend an examination in regard to counterfeit money. Camp Meeting of colored people near Buttonwood Brook this year. Exchanged knife with B. T. Ricketson of Padanaram. This was a favorite knife of mine for two years after.

1826. Geo. Newell left and Ch. Babbage kept during the summer. In Sept., J. H. W. Page took the Academy and continued to hold it until 1830. Succeeded by Wm. H. Sanford.

1827. This summer was marked by the death of my dear mother, Anna Ricketson. She died Aug. 6th at Sampson's, Middleboro, where she had been for several weeks for the benefit of her health. She was attended by Nancy O'Connor. Her physician was Dr. Thomson of Middleboro 4 Corners. She died apparently calm and re-

signed. She was a kind and gentle mother and her memory remains sacred to me. Her last words I remember were to my brother and me, "Be good boys."

1828. Spent a short time in the fall of this year at Leicester Academy, but returned on account of severe homesickness. Enjoyed the visits to Uncle Silas Earle's Farm and the rides and rambles around there with his sons.

1829. Began to feel an inclination for writing verses, although for some years before had enjoyed Nature very much. Found an old copy of Cowper's Task in a chest in my father's garret, which I valued highly and still possess as a treasure. Wrote some lines on Sunset in the fall of this year.

1830. Pleasant spring and summer. Read Children of the Abbey this spring. Health quite good and grown to good size for my age.

1831. Studying under Duncan Bradford for Harvard University. Examined and turned off as unfitted by the professors and tutors of s'd H. U. Much embarrassed by the stern conduct of Prest. Quincy at the announcement of my doom. Remained in Cambridge until Dec. studying for another exam. Returned home in Dec. and commenced studying Bookkeeping under father. Attended Cotillion Parties during winter.

1832. Commenced the study of Law under John Summers Russell in the spring of this year. Took considerable interest in flowers and the study of botany this year. Became acquainted with Louisa Sampson during the latter part of

this year. Had a profile (full length) of myself cut by a skillful artist during this winter.

1836. Admitted as a practitioner of law in Sept. of this year.

ARTICLES OF CLOTHING I REMEMBER TO HAVE WORN

1818 to 20. Trousers buttoned to waist—waist and trousers.

1820. Jacket and trousers, broad shirt collar, sometimes with ruffled edge and black ribbon tie; the thick clothes usually made from my father's old ones. In summer, blue nankin, or blue and white stripe; one suit seersucker bought at Russells Mills of Benj. R. Tucker with white glass buttons, double rows.

1826 to 29. Grey coat, steel buttons and grey pants. Dark steel mixed jacket; brownish olive do.

1828 to 30. Thin brown woolen coat with tails, single breasted and pocket flaps; same summer leghorn hat, the brim lined with green silk, black ribbon band and binding, checked oil silk lining. My first broadcloth coat, Joseph Palmer, tailor, olive brown, double breasted and pocket flaps.

1831. First blue broadcloth coat and gilt buttons, black cassimere pantaloons, white Marseilles vest, a handsome and favorite suit, in which I attended my first party at Charles Fleming's.

1832. A blue coat and bright buttons left by my brother Jos. when at College.

1833. Blue coat and gilt buttons and mulberry frock.

1834. Wedding suit, blue broadcloth (fine) coat and gilt buttons, pants of same, and black satin vest.

1835. Black bombasin coat, made by Harlow, and worn to Duxbury.

1837-8. Black merino frock made by John Earle, Boston—very nice.

1839. An olive half Quaker cut, thin cloth, plaid jacket, also a blue cloth one, perhaps as early as 1835-6.

1839-41. Olive coat made by Knowles, Longplain.

My best clothes from say 1837 to 1851 made by John Earle, Boston, usually German broadcloth of an olive color, and velvet collar; one blue with bright buttons, also a nice blue frock coat, worn when I had my crayon taken by Martin in 1851. From 1851 to 1870 I have worn mostly sack coats, usually of a dark grey mixed cloth, and pants of different shades of grey mostly.

OVERCOATS, HATS, CAPS, ETC.

1820-2. A drab broadcloth great coat with one cape; buttons and holes on cape, velvet collar, strap behind, made from an old cloak of my grandmother Ricketson's. My brother Jos. also had one. We usually had clothes alike.

1823-25. Grey cloth, rabbit skin collar.

1825. Dark brown with two capes and a mock one.

1830-31. Plaid cloak, green, blue and white stripe.

1832. Light brown broadcloth double breasted surtout, skirts lined with heavy silk, worn on my tour to Richmond and Niagara Falls in the spring of 1833.

1834. Brown cloth overcoat and dark brown one lined with light brown, edge bound with silk braid.

1836. Dark green broadcloth, black velvet collar.

1838. Heavy dark green (pressed check).

1840. Dark camblet cloak. Grey short overcoat (Longplain make).

1845. Nice wadded brown (dark) sack overcoat, silk twist buttons and brown velvet collar; a very nice garment. J. Earle.

1848. Thick dark brown sack overcoat made by John Earle, Boston, cost about 23 dollars. Olive overcoat by Tobey & Doane. Grey tweed cloak, two heavy light brown overcoats, wooden buttons, about 1858. Two grey sack overcoats, and others that I cannot recall.

1867. Dark steel mixed overcoat made by Silvester, price \$22. For the past twenty years I have worn sack coats—inside and outside—of a greyish color, and soft broad brim'd hats, drab or black, and Manilla straw or Leghorn in summer.

My first hat was made by Abm. Russell, Jr., from a block turned by Wm. B. Rotch. Brown fur cap, light fur seal cap with silk band about 1823-4.

1827. Morocco leather bought in Boston.

1828. Fur hat, black with red Morocco lining. Paris hat bought in New York, 1828. Hat made by Alvord bought of F. L. Alden. Several fur hats of A. Russell and S. Ames, also of Eaton. Hat bought in Fairhaven 1834. Hat made in Philadelphia \$8 by A. Russell exchanged with B. S. Rotch. Hat of Asa Coombs worn 1832 and 33. Straw hat, brim lined black, 1833. Several nice hats by Leary & Co., New York, bought of E. S. Cannon. White fur hat made by A. Coombs for trout-fishing gave L.'s Uncle Geo. Sampson with my Kip trouting boots. I have worn the soft hats since about 1850. When at Woodlee in 1845, I wore a white close nap'd hat and dark olive frock coat for some months. I have seldom worn black clothes, my association with them being rather of a mournful character. My present dress is dark grey sackcoat, vest and pants, drab soft hat. For winter dark grey sack overcoat (nearly black) lined with woolen, black and white check.

A SERIES OF MISFORTUNES

I feel sometimes and quite often of late years, that my failures would have been much less had I not met with injuries principally of a physical nature, but also mental. I feel that I was entitled, both on my mother's as well as my father's side, to a higher intellectual power as well as bodily, but owing to bad early treatment and subsequent injuries I have fallen short of my just inheritance, which I endeavor to account for as

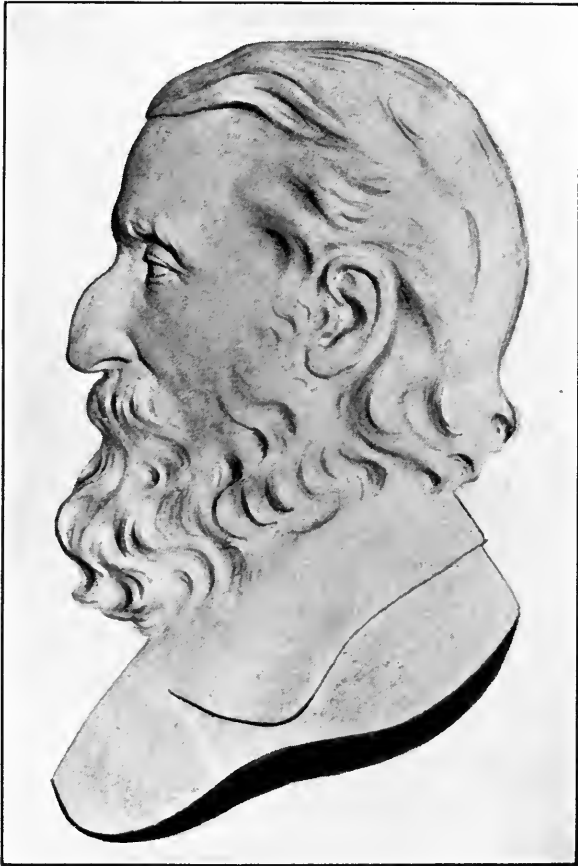
follows:—I think I was well-born, my mother at the age of about 28 years, and my father about 43 years, both of healthy and long-lived parentage, but it was customary in my childhood for the physician to give paregoric, and calomel, many potions of which I remember, particularly of the calomel, to have taken to my disgust and horror. An over tenderness on the part of our dear mother in her fear of harm added to our delicacy, which, however, our active natures soon overcame. At the age of about 9 years as I was crossing the street in front of our house, the snow being deep, I was run over by a horse and sleigh carelessly driven, and so injured in my right leg as to require a pair of crutches which my father made for me and which I used for some time; and unevenness in the wear of my right boot or shoe and a tendency to pain in the hip has been, I think, the consequence therefrom. At the age of about 10 years I was thrown from a horse violently against a large rock and in an unconscious condition was led home, when Dr. W. was called and bled me in my right arm, thus weakening me and keeping me confined longer than the injury. A year or more after I nearly severed an artery in my right arm, in opening a window at the Academy, by a sharp pointed piece of glass in a broken window, by which I lost a good deal of blood, but it healed by bandages.

Within a year a rough Irish boy came into our yard where my brother and I were playing, and not wishing his company, I told him to go home, at which he turned upon and struck me a furious

blow in my left eye, from which I suffered much pain and an irreparable injury and loss of much of the sight and continued pain, at times of headache, with which I was afflicted until 40 years of age—since which I have had considerably less. I have many times struck my head against beams and other hard substances, owing in part to poor sight on the left side. As I was a dull scholar, partly from indolence perhaps, but more from the want of ability to learn, particularly Mathematics, I attribute my failure herein, in part at least, to these injuries. An unstable mind has been an attendant evil with me, and although I have striven to lead an upright life before God and man, I have too often transgressed and suffered thereby, but I think I can say my sins have been unpremeditated and I hope by contrition have been mercifully forgiven. As, in the usual estimation of success in life, I have not risen to any eminence, I must attribute my failure in those things which I value, success as a writer of verse and prose, somewhat to the misfortune of my early life as herein given.

...

MISCELLANEOUS



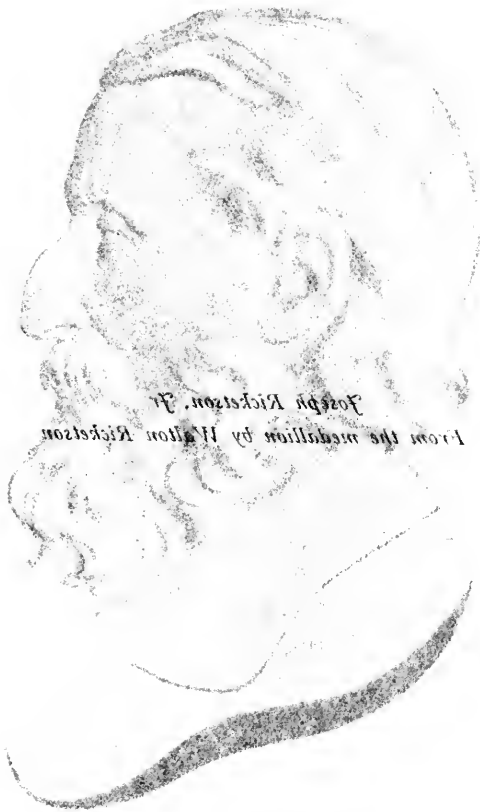
MISCELLANEOUS

NEW BEDFORD, Nov. 5, 1857.

DEAR BRO. JOHN, - It is so long since we have corresponded that I write you about time to commence again. I must tell you parenthetically that several of the Trustees of our Sem. have been dismissed. I do not know how long it will continue, but I get tired of the matter, especially you, while I keep your of all grapes. I advise you, however gratifying they may be at the time, the result will always be an unhappy one. For the remainder of your college course you will have much leisure, which you ought to improve. *Joseph Ricketson, Jr*ing. Be as careful of your *From the medallion by Walton Ricketson* imperfections by any means, but occasional by which you never will want when necessarily required. Take care of your health, which means take exercise, mind your diet, have regular hours of sleep, etc., which you know as well as I.

So far all well and things go on a fair usual train, the loss of all kinds is rather small, which is generally the case in this season of the year.

I have enjoyed the good weather we have had for the last 2 or 3 weeks very much, having walked considerably and seen the different aspects of nature. For the last 2 ds. the weather has been much colder than usual. The thermom. this morning stood at 1 below zero.



Joseph Rickatson, Jr.
From the medallion by William Rickatson

MISCELLANEOUS

NEW BEDFORD, Feb. 5, 1835.

DEAR BROTHER,—It is so long since we have corresponded that I think it about time to commence again. I perceive by the papers that several of the Freshmen class have been dismissed. I should think the students would get tired of the fun of scrapping after a while. Keep clear of all scrapes, I advise you, however gratifying they may be at the time, the result will always be an unhappy one. For the remainder of your college course you will have much leisure, which you ought to improve in useful reading. Be as careful of your money as convenient, not to be parsimonious by any means, but economical, by which you never will want when necessity requires. Take care of your health, which means take exercise, mind your diet, have regular hours of sleep, etc., which you know as well as I.

We are all well and things go on in their usual train, business of all kinds is rather dull, which is generally the case at this season of the year.

I have enjoyed the mild weather we have had for the last 2 or 3 weeks very much, having walked considerably and seen the different aspects of nature. For the last 2 ds. the weather has been much colder tho' clear. The thermom. this morning stood at 10 above zero.

I believe I will now conclude, and at some future time will give a more interesting letter.

DAN'L RICKETSON.

NEW BEDFORD, March 4th, 1835.

DEAR JOE,—Nothing could have given me more pleasure than the candid and open-hearted letter I have just received from you; it has given me an exalted idea of your sensibility,—a quality of the heart which I consider as honorable to human nature and a rich treasure to him who possesses it; cultivate it, my boy,—fools may ridicule it, but men of sense will ever esteem it. I hope in future that our correspondence will be oftener, and will pledge myself, on my part, that you shall not again be neglected. Father has just left the office; he came here probably to see your letter. I showed it to him, he read it, and was much pleased with its contents. We have been talking concerning you, and both agree that it will be better for you to study one of the learned professions when you leave College. This is not an hasty conclusion of ours, we have talked of it before, and you must consider it worthy your reflection, as we probably have more interest in your future prosperity than any others. When you were at home last you seemed determined to pursue a commercial line of life, as a means of obtaining a livelihood, hoping to realize from this course probably more of the comforts of this life than from any other, and no doubt but your imagination was full of the golden dreams of youth. Do not take me as censuring you, or as

aiming any ridicule at your opinions; far from this is my intention. I feel an interest in your welfare, and from the impulse of this feeling give my opinion, which bears more weight from its coinciding with that of father, who you know is not hasty at coming to a conclusion, and generally judges well. Without any disparagement to the Mercantile gentleman, I can say that a professional man is rather more regarded by society, and has certainly a much better opportunity of shining in the world. And, too, your taste and character has been formed within the classic walls of Harvard, which will ill combine with the smell of oil and gurry. Another important consideration with you must be to be thrown in a line of business which will bring you in more frequent intercourse with your fellow students, most of whom will probably study professions on leaving College. You will find it difficult and even unpleasant to be taken from your books and your musings,—these you must drop, must give up all intellectual taste, if you adopt a Merchant's garb.

Father thinks it a bad time to commence business, that your chance of success is small; few, 'tis true, are lucky and accumulate heaps of money, but how many are thwarted in their fond anticipations. Much more I could say upon this subject, but I will now leave it to your serious reflection. Father will write you on this matter soon.

I am glad that you are employing your leisure in reading useful works; and perceive by your

letter that you have lost nothing by it. I should be very happy to see the book you refer to and hope you will bring it home with you. I am more and more impressed with the importance of having adopted a professional life; it is the road to distinction. Where do our distinguished men come from?

Do not attribute any self conceit to me; if I have shown any it has been inadvertently.

With much regard,

Your aff. brother,

DANIEL RICKETSON.

P. S. If you answer this soon I shall write you immediately on the receipt of yours.

EMERSON

EVG. STANDARD, OCT. 27, 1883

Now that New England's most characteristic man of letters, who the past forty years at least has been the subject of so much criticism, favorable and unfavorable, has passed away from earth, the personal reminiscences of his friends have a fresh and important interest. As one who respects his memory as a bright exemplar of whatever is noble and true in human nature, and unsurpassed in our country, as a moral and religious writer, I have undertaken to record my own memories of him. He was my senior by about ten years, so that he had already become known to the public when I was quite a young man, and so wedded to the older school of English literature, as not to be able to appreciate the

original mode of thought and expression of which he became so distinguished a master as to be unequalled in this or our fatherland, where his reputation stands as high today as in our own. My first remembrance of Emerson is of the time he occupied the pulpit of the Unitarian Society in this city, some forty odd years ago, and as one of the earliest of our lyceum lecturers. This was after his first visit to Europe in 1832-3. His personal appearance was that of a delicate, scholarly youth, tall and slight, with sloping shoulders, a marked feature in his physique. His manner of address was as ever after, calm and dignified, meditative, as though he were improvising rather than reading or delivering matter previously prepared. At this time he was the subject of much criticism from the press. A report of one of his lectures in a leading Boston paper was the subject of an amusing series of comments with illustrations. Here is an extract:

“It is quite out of character to say Mr. Emerson lectures; he does no such thing. He drops nectar. He chips out sparks, he exhales odors, he lets off mental sky-rockets and fireworks, he spouts fire, and conjurer-like draws ribbons out of his mouth. He smokes, he sparkles, he improvises, he shouts, he explodes like a bundle of crackers, he goes off in fiery eruptions like a volcano, but he does not lecture.”

Here come in two illustrations, one representing the lecturer standing, with an uplifted axe, on a moon, near which are three stars—the man in the moon has a woful countenance; the other,

a fantastic figure emitting electricity from his hair and fingers ends, standing tiptoe on his right foot and the left leg drawn up; a face of inquiry is seen peeping up near a supposed platform. The writer then goes on in this way:

“He went swiftly over the ground of knowledge with a Damascus blade, severing everything from its bottom, leaving one in doubt whether anything would ever grow again. Yet he seems as innocent as a little child who goes into a garden and pulls up a whole bed of violets, laughs over their beauty and throws them down again. So that, after all, we are inclined to think no great harm has been done. He comes and goes like a spirit of whom one just hears the rustle of his wings. He is a vitalized speculation—a talking essence—a sort of celestial emanation.”

Here comes another illustration, representing a celestial emanation (the lecturer,) taking an airing on a comet—holding on to its tail, and being hurled swiftly through space. The writer then adds :

“A bit of transparency broken from the spheres—a spiritual prism through which we see all beautiful rays of immaterial existences. His leaping fancy mounts upward like an india rubber ball, and drifts and falls like a snowflake or a feather. He moves in the region of similitudes. He comes through the air like a cherubim with a golden trumpet in his mouth, out of which he blows tropes and figures and gossamer transparencies of suggestive fancies. He takes high flights and sustains himself without ruffling a

feather. He inverts the rainbow and takes it for a swing—now sweeping the earth and now clapping his hands among the stars.”

Here he is figured riding on an arc of the bow among the stars, his hat blown off, one boot gone, and the other flying away—his hair horrent, and his arms extended at full length—the moon below looking up at him with a scowl.

Although this was all done in good nature, yet the admirer of our genial essayist of the present day can see how far the public must have been from a true comprehension of the serious nature and real dignity of the lecturer, to have relished such a caricature. For many years I had occasionally heard Emerson lecture, but it was not until I had formed a friendship with the late Henry D. Thoreau in 1854, which took me to Concord, that I became acquainted with him. Thoreau had been an inmate of the family of Emerson during his absence in Europe, and was ever a familiar, as well as welcome guest there. It was strikingly interesting and instructive to hear these acute and erudite thinkers discourse together upon some disputed point, and so far as my memory serves me, Emerson did not always come off victor. In his library, at his hospitable table, in the fields and woods, he was, as on all other occasions, the same genial, dignified gentleman. On a walk in the Walden woods he gave an interpretation to the notes of the wood-thrush, then singing, somewhat as follows :

“Hey willy, willy, heigh
Willy! willy! willy O!”

in tones sweet and musical. On another occasion I was occupying the attic room of a poetic friend in Concord, who was absent—the evening was stormy, and while I was sitting alone by my lamp, I heard rather heavy footsteps coming up the lower stairs, and somewhat to my surprise continued on the stairs leading to my room. I arose and opened the door, when I was greeted by Emerson and our mutual friend the eloquent abolitionist, Parker Pillsbury, who had come to call upon me. I mention this not only as a token of his friendship for me, but as an evidence of his indifference to formalities when unnecessary, for no one better understood or was more punctilious than he when occasion required. With the music of the rain pattering on the roof the evening passed in pleasant conversation.

He had a delicate feeling about making trouble when giving his lectures. On one occasion when he was my guest at my country home, in his letter of acceptance to my invitation, he expressed his disinclination to disturb the domestic arrangements of the family, who in our case were all too glad to receive and entertain him. As I was thinking of making a visit to my friend Thoreau at Concord, he cordially invited me to accompany him on his return home and remain his guest over night, which I accepted, thus having the pleasure of his company on the journey from New Bedford to Concord, via Boston, arriving in time for tea. On the stand near my bed, I remember, was that interesting work of Lydia Maria Child, then just published, "Looking Towards Sunset."

The real home of Emerson like that of most literary men, was his library, leading out of the family parlor. A light spacious room, at the northeast front of his house, well, but not overstocked with books, among which, conspicuous on account of its size, was "Taylor's Plato." On one of my visits he took me up to his retreat at the farther end of the west wing of his garret, a sort of *ultima thule*, to which he resorted for a greater retirement than his library afforded. How important is this seclusion, at times, for the poet or philosopher. Horace had his Sabine farm, Cicero his Formium villa, and Montaigne his chateau, in the upper portion of whose tower was his favorite study or resort. So most of the productions of genius for their performance require an isolation from the ordinary distractions of common life. Retirement is the great solace and healer to the exhausted mind and body in whatever department of human affairs our work is done. In the summer of 1879, while attending the school of Philosophy at Concord, I dined for the last time with Emerson and his family; a Harvard classmate of his, with his son, was also there, and two ladies well known in the walks of literature. At this time his memory had very perceptibly failed him, and he often hesitated for a word to express himself, but performed the honors of the table with his accustomed ease and hospitality. I did not see him again until the spring of 1881, when in company with the venerable A. B. Alcott I called upon him at his library. He received us with his usual politeness, but we

soon found that his memory had greatly deserted him, and he constantly asked us the same question. Thinking it might awaken some old and pleasant associations I remarked to him that it must be a pleasure to him to read over his poems, particularly those relating to Concord. He smiled and made some incoherent reply. I then took down one of his volumes of poems and selected the following, which our friend Alcott read to him in his usual sonorous and appreciative manner:

“Because I was content with these poor fields,
Low, open meads, slender and sluggish streams,
And found a home in haunts which others scorned,
The partial wood-gods overpaid my love,
And granted me the freedom of their state,
And in the secret senate have prevailed
With the dear, dangerous lords that rule our life,
Made moon and planets parties to their bond,
And through my rocklike, solitary wont
Shot million rays of thought and tenderness.”

He seemed to listen unmoved, and at its close said that he did not remember anything about his poems, and did not know he had ever written them. It was sad indeed to see the night shutting down upon his fine intellect. It was, however, only the beginning of the *euthanasia* so soon to close his life on earth in exchange as we trust for one higher and holier than he found here.

Nothing could evince more surely the great estimation in which the man and his works were held than the universal expression of respect, both in our own and in foreign lands, at his death.

We are still too near to his life on earth fully to see the real worth and grandeur of his character, but few, even those of exclusive religious views, will venture to disclaim his elevated plane of morality and godliness of heart, while a large class will look upon him as the noblest teacher of our time in Christian humanities.

Since writing the above I have again visited his library at Concord, and examined some of his more favorite books. The fire that had gone out on the hearth, the dumb pictures upon the walls, the silence of the room, all told that the strong spirit which so long gave life and beauty to the place had flown. His influence upon the age in which he lived is, however, not only left behind, but is increasingly felt upon the minds of all lovers of a pure and instructive literature. No mind since that of the late Dr. William Ellery Channing has more deeply impressed the public with its sincerity as well as intellectuality than his.

The genial hospitality of his household is still kept up by his remaining family, and although all must feel that his noble life was rounded to a good old age, a deep void is felt in the departure of this master spirit. In the words of Bryant, let us close this brief and imperfect sketch:

“Peace to the just man’s memory; let it grow
 Greener with years, and blossom through the flight
 Of ages; let the mimic canvas show
 His calm benevolent features; let the light
 Stream on his deeds of love, that shunned the sight
 Of all but heaven, and in the book of fame

The glorious record of his virtues write
And hold it up to men, and bid them claim
A palm like his, and catch from him the hallowed flame.”

A DAY WITH JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL EVG. STANDARD, SEPT. 26, 1891

As there is at present much interest manifested in the life and character of this distinguished poet, scholar and latterly brilliant and successful diplomatist, I have thought I might add a pleasant personal reminiscence of thirty odd years ago, as a picture of his more sunny days at Elmwood. Although he was a college friend of my brother, and a classmate of my fellow-townsmen, B. S. R. and W. J. R., I had never met him, yet as an abolitionist, I had admired his independence, in common with Whittier, in giving some of his best efforts in verse and prose to the emancipation of the slave, when so many of our most learned and prominent men compromised their principles for the South.

So with a cordial letter of introduction from that noble, brave-hearted woman, Maria Weston Chapman, the acknowledged leader of the woman wing of the abolition society, on a beautiful autumn morning, I rode over from Boston to Cambridge and presented my letter. I was at once welcomed by Mr. Lowell and invited up to his study, a room in the southeast corner of the third story of the old mansion. After a conversation on matters of mutual interest for an hour or so, I arose to take my departure and return to

Boston. Mr. L. accompanying me on the way down stairs, we stopped at the first landing to look at his portrait, lately painted. Here Mr. L. remarked that once a week it was the custom of himself and wife to drive to Watertown, and dine at her mother's, and invited me to accompany them. Thinking it was a family dinner and being but a stranger, I declined. We had by this time reached the hall, when I heard the voice of Mrs. L. and the rustling of garments, as she came tripping down the stairway, looking like a very muse of poetry, as she doubtless was to her husband, saying, "Do, Mr. R., accept our invitation." As I had never met Mrs. L. before, I was delighted with the beautiful spirit and spontaneity of her invitation, and at once changing my mind, replied that I should with much pleasure accept. While Mr. L. went out to order the carriage and Mrs. L. to prepare for the drive, they left their daughter M., a sweet little girl of some five or six years, to entertain me, who evidently understanding her mission sat near by, while I scribbled a couplet, probably of nonsense, on the back of my card, inscribed to her young ladyship. Within a few minutes the old family horse and carriage came round to the door. The poet was driver, with whom I sat, and the mother and daughter on the seat behind us. On our arrival at Watertown, Mrs. W., the mother of Mrs. L., a middle-aged lady, received us kindly and presided at the table, with old-fashioned hospitality. After dinner Mr. L. and myself adjourned to the garden, and while seated in the shade of an apple tree, were joined

by that genial Unitarian, "Rev." John Weiss, who from his gentle nature and ready wit often reminded me of Charles Lamb. L. was a smoker, and W. also, occasionally at least, and I fear that I also joined them, although many years ago I wrote my "Farewell to Tobacco." We returned to Elmwood the latter part of the day, and I to Boston. My impressions of Mr. and Mrs. Lowell were, of course, most favorable. It was probably the happiest period of his life. He had a beautiful home, retired, but still near to his friends and our metropolis, his name and fame had already spread far and wide, but he bore his laurels gracefully, yet not entirely without an apparent consciousness of their honors. His after life was more varied, but his friendship with Longfellow and his successor to the professorship of modern languages and *belles-lettres* at Harvard brought him still more prominently into the ranks of the literary dignitaries of England and our own country. With all his merits he was undoubtedly a favored son of fortune, though not without a share of domestic affliction, particularly in the loss of his beautiful wife and one of their children, so tenderly remembered in his poem, "The First Snowfall."

As editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* he added much to its literary character, but gave a grievous offence to his old fellow collegian, Henry D. Thoreau, and his friends by the liberty he took with his manuscript and subsequent unfriendly criticisms, which the posthumous popularity of Thoreau has more than cancelled. The post of

an editor, whether of a magazine, newspaper or biography, is a perilous one, and usually attended with dissatisfaction to a portion of their readers or patrons. Time, however, that great regulator and rectifier, settles all discrepancies in literature as well as in more material matters, and among the names of those whom our beloved Commonwealth holds dear, that of Thoreau will be included. For no man has his fellow townsman, Emerson, expressed greater admiration or respect, and many of us have lived to see names of those once unpopular, now among the most honored.

In person, Lowell was of medium height, perhaps a little under, of a well proportioned figure, evincing activity and strength. His hair and eye were of a bright brown color, and his complexion fair and healthy—on the whole he was a noticeably handsome young man. Mrs. L. was a happy counterpart for a poet, was of a graceful sylphlike figure, and corresponding movements, of a fair and lovely countenance; in fact, a sort of combination of an Euterpe and Terpsichore, or perhaps, a Thalia—whose power of inspiration may be found in her husband's earlier verse. Truly he says:

“The love of all things springs from love of one;
 Wider the soul's horizon hourly grows,
 And over it with fuller glory flows
 The sky-like spirit of God.”

She was indeed his truest inspiration.
 In looking over his poems, written during his

haleyon days, I find none but appear too tender and sacred to make use of in a transitory sketch like this. Lowell and Longfellow stand side by side as poets of rare classical attainments, and their names with that of Whittier, our great poet-preacher, will mark our period as one of rare excellence among the sons of song.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE POET LONGFELLOW

EVG. STANDARD, NOV. 7, 1891

In writing my late sketch of James Russell Lowell, it occurred to me that I might make similar sketches of other distinguished persons whom I had met in my pilgrimage, and among them a short interview with the poet Longfellow, to whom I had received a letter of introduction some time previous from our mutual friend, George William Curtis, which I had hesitated to deliver, but being in Concord, Mass., on a visit to my son Walton, I concluded for his sake, as well as my own, to make use of it. On a pleasant morning, June 2d, 1881, we took the train for Cambridge, and early in the forenoon reached the residence of the poet in that town, the old colonial mansion, known as the "Craigie House." The bell, or rather the old-fashioned brass knocker, was soon answered by a maid servant, to whom I handed a private letter, accompanying that of our introduction, which were quickly replied to by an invitation into the study and presence of the poet, who re-

ceived us in a kindly manner. The conversation was principally between him and my son, on art matters, and our call in consideration of his age and valuable time, was not long. On leaving he took us about his rooms to see his pictures and other objects of interest, with permission to view the garden and grounds at our pleasure.

He appeared in good health and personal activity, of medium size and very erect, his eyes bluish gray, bright and sharp, nose aquiline. The only photograph I have seen that gives me the best representation of him at this time is that by "Warren," Washington Street, Boston, taken some years prior to our visit. His poems, though of the highest order, hardly indicate the lordly bearing of their author. His appearance in his prime must have been that of one born to command. However much this may have been true, it is more to his praise that all else was subordinate to the gentler and loftier aspirations of the true poet and scholar. The impression made upon us was that of the superior gentleman, as well as poet.

As he and the servant who came to the door were all we saw of the family, the house appeared to be quite vacated, and knowing of his great bereavements and afflictions, a shadow seemed to be cast on all around. To one endowed with so deep an emotional nature as he, his sorrow must have been profound and lasting. The loss of the wife of his youth, whom he so tenderly mentions in his "Footsteps of Angels," seems to have left a sweet and hallowed spirit on his mind, but the

almost tragical death of his last, the wife of his mature years and fame, doubtless left an indelible sorrow, which must have rendered his declining years a period of painful interest to his immediate friends.

That noble heart now lies at rest, but where those he loved, of past and modern time, have found the sphere beyond allotted to the good and pure of soul, he must also have found his companionship. To those who only know him through his published memoirs, as well as those who had the felicity of his personal friendship, he must ever present a most lovable memory. Among his later poems, "Morituri Salutamus," contains many tender sentiments, which seem to foreshadow his not far distant exit from the fair scenes of earth and the friends he loved so dearly. At the anniversary (Bowdoin College,) 1875, the fiftieth of his class, he thus addresses the youth:

"And ye who fill the places we once filled,
And follow in the furrows that we tilled,
Young men, whose generous hearts are beating high,
We who are old, and are about to die,
Salute you; hail you; take your hands in ours,
And crown you with our welcome as with flowers!"

To those who like himself were advanced in years he has these fine lines of cheer in the closing of the poem:

"For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day."

I close with the following humble tributes to his memory and worth:

O noble poet, rich in cultured thought,
 I read thy verses with a solemn awe,
 For though on earth we rank thee with the dead,
 Thy sublimated spirit seems to fill
 Our hearts even more than in thy happy days
 Of youth, when thy sweet muse first 'gan essay
 To sing the beauties of fair Nature's works.
 1882.

Now, since I've read the record of thy life,
 And entered thus within the sacred realm
 Of home; have seen thy joys and sorrows deep,
 Still nearer to thy rich and lofty muse,
 In kindred sympathy my soul is drawn.
 1886. "*Requiescat in pace.*"

RICKETSON'S HISTORY OF NEW BEDFORD

We have recently perused, with much interest and satisfaction, a newly published history of New Bedford, including a history of the old township of Dartmouth and the present townships of Westport, Dartmouth and Fairhaven. The work is by Daniel Ricketson, Esq., a gentleman well known for his culture, independent freshness of mind and racy New England tastes. The history covers the whole period from the settlement of the town named to the present time, and forms a fine duodecimo volume of four hundred and twelve pages.

The author, in the execution of his task, is ani-

mated by a genuine antiquarian spirit; at the same time a sympathetic spirit of poetic feeling pervades his work. He collects from all scattered sources the facts pertaining to his subject, so that the descendants of the first settlers of these towns will find here set down the early lists of proprietors, the divisions of land, the historic events, the statistics of labor and business, and whatever information of that nature they may desire to know.

The author gives us pictures of the olden time, fine touches of sentiment, and bits of color, which make the book attractive to the general reader. He has done his task well; and the people of New Bedford, Westport, Dartmouth and Fairhaven, owe their historian thanks for his arduous and successful labor of love. Many a removed son of old Dartmouth, or emigrant from New Bedford, now settled in Boston, or New York, or Chicago, or San Francisco, as he reads the suggestive pages of Mr. Ricketson's work, will overrule the modesty of his plea and award him a higher meed than he has himself ventured to claim. For he merely professes to rescue, for the use of some future and more competent historian, the facts and details hastening to oblivion; but in reality he has grouped them into a very readable and satisfactory form for permanent reference.

We cite a few extracts as specimens of the work. Mr. Ricketson says:

The houses of the original proprietors of Dartmouth were substantial two-storied buildings,

with high stone chimneys and capacious fire-places with ovens, seen only in the oldest houses, capable of receiving several feet of wood from four to six feet long, so that the children used to sometimes sit upon the ends of the logs and look up the chimney at the stars. It is much to be regretted that these old family mansions are so fast disappearing. Every year witnesses the demolition of more or less; and for another generation hardly a vestige of them will remain. It is quite remarkable, too, that these old houses should be so little valued; one would suppose that an ordinary respect for our forefathers should be sufficient to save them from destruction. But, aside from any such consideration, they were built in so substantial a manner, their massive oak frames and boarding held fast by treenails, and in most of them no other wood used than oak and cedar, which, unless where neglected and exposed to the weather, remain as fresh and sound at the expiration of a hundred years as on the day of building.

The following passage is strikingly piquant and entertaining:

John Russell represented the town of Dartmouth from 1665 to 1683, with the exception of two years, 1666 and 1673, when John Cooke, whose name, as well as that of John Russell, is among those of the original proprietors mentioned in the confirmatory deed of 1692, was chosen. 1685, Joseph Tripp was the representative; 1686, John Cooke; 1689-90, Seth Pope. It is probable for several of the first years the representative made his journey to Plymouth on foot and by the old Indian paths. The distance from Russells Mills to Plymouth could not have been less than forty miles. This journey in the winter season must have been quite a formidable

affair, as the snow would be deep in the woods, and render snow-shoes necessary. We can imagine one of these sturdy yeomen, warmly wrapped up in his home-manufactured wool, perhaps with a friendly Indian as guide, plodding his way through the narrow forest path, his mind possessed with the importance of his office and his mission. The number of representatives would undoubtedly be satisfactorily small to the closest economist if such a mode of reaching the seat of government were now required.

When we remember our railroads, how strange appears this picturesque description of a journey in the good old colony times :

In my last chapter I mentioned a journey on horseback made by Miss Lydia Tallman. When a young woman, during the Revolutionary war, she accompanied her brother, Seth Tallman, her future husband, Gilbert Russell, and his father, Joseph Russell, from Bedford to Nine Partners, Dutchess County, New York; thence, via Albany, to Saratoga; passing through Rhode Island and Connecticut going, and returning through the western and middle parts of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, making a journey of between four and five hundred miles, the last day of which they rode fifty miles. How many young ladies, think ye, of the present day, even with the advantages of riding-schools, can excel this? The roads at this time, too, were not what they now are, and a considerable part of the way was through a wild and unsettled country, covered with the primeval woods.

It is pleasant to revert to those days of healthful simplicity; and for a moment let us indulge in a picture of this old-fashioned equestrian party. The place of rendezvous for starting would probably be from the house of the elder

member of the company, which, it will be remembered, stood near the county road, a little to the southeast of the residence of Charles W. Morgan, and near a white mulberry tree, still to be seen there. This journey had undoubtedly been long the subject of conversation, particularly with the young people, and was not undertaken without due consideration. The time of their journey, though not known, was probably in the spring or early summer. The day of their departure having been duly fixed upon, bright and early the young lady, with her fresh and handsome countenance, which she always retained, accompanied by her lover and brother, mounted upon their sleek and well-fed horses, might have been seen proceeding at a brisk trot from her father's house, at the corner of Main and Third streets, to join their elder companion and guide, whom we may conclude they found already mounted at the appointed time before his own door. The usual farewells being made, the young lady already in the advance, they cheerfully commence their journey up the old county road. Behind each saddle are the leathern bags which contain their luggage. The gentlemen with smart top-boots and spurs, three-cornered beaver hats, and genteel Quaker costume throughout, the young lady with a neat and tasteful though simple traveling dress, with pieces of gold quilted into her skirt for security, and hood, all made by her own hands; thus equipped, we may infer they presented quite a jaunty appearance for the occasion. The old woods re-echoed to the hearty laughter and the good-humored sallies of the young couple. An occasional farm-house and rural fields only interrupted the nobler features of nature, while in the pauses of conversation might be heard the sweet and welcome notes of the wood thrush, or the rougher salutations of the blue jay and crow.

Onward they jog, and, crossing Slade's Ferry, are fairly entered upon their way; so, bidding them farewell, we must leave the remainder of the journey, for want of proper information, to be filled up by our younger and more imaginative readers, hazarding only the conclusion that a more auspicious prospect of happiness has rarely fallen to the lot of youthful lovers. And of this I have unquestionable proof at hand in the sequel, as the happy young couple were afterwards married, *videlicet*, on the 13th of November, 1783.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., August 15th, 1898.

MR. WALTON RICKETSON,
New Bedford, Mass.

MY DEAR SIR,—At a regular meeting of the Union League of this city, held August 10th, 1898, the enclosed resolutions were presented, and on motion unanimously adopted; and it was voted:

1. That they be spread on the minutes of the League.
2. That they be published in the daily papers of the city.
3. That a copy be sent to the family of the deceased.

In accordance with the action taken I herewith enclose them to you, with regret for the loss to humanity which made them necessary, and yet with a feeling that in and through the spirit of all good things, he yet lives.

Very sincerely yours,

FREDERIC S. MONROE,

Sec'y Union League.

RESOLUTIONS

MR. PRESIDENT:—We, who were born and bred in New Bedford, have an especial pride in the history of our native city during the ever memorable anti-slavery crusade—that struggle between barbarism and humanity; between arrogant wrong and unrequited right.

We are proud that history will tell all posterity that our native town, true to the spirit of its sturdy Quaker citizens, was ever a haven of refuge to the fleeing bondsman; that even in the dark days of the fugitive slave bill, the hunted refugee who reached this port was safe. For the fiat had gone forth from old Liberty Hall, that never a man should be surrendered,—and the first stroke of the alarm bell would have summoned a host of freemen no slave-catcher could defy.

We honor the manhood of the town that made such a condition possible, the men who were not afraid to stand up for right, who had the nobility to “side with truth” when it was very unpopular and oftentimes disastrous so to do.

Relentless time has left very few of the anti-slavery heroes with us, and they are rapidly passing away. That passing must not be without a heartfelt tribute from us.

Whereas, The mystic veil of bright beyond has once more lifted while there passed from our midst one who for four score years and five has lived and labored here on his native heath—

“Labors of good to man,

Unpublish'd charity, unbroken faith,”

and though we realize that no word of ours can add aught to the gentle worth, the noble life of *Daniel Ricketson*, we also realize that we would be false to our manhood and the principles of our organization, were not the sum of our grati-

tude and admiration for such a life spread upon our minutes, to be transmitted to our posterity. Therefore, we do

Resolve—That while we join in sincerest sympathy with the bereaved family, and the many friends who mourn their loss, we are reverently thankful to the Creator for the example and influence of the gentle, unselfish life of *Daniel Ricketson*; a noble man in heart and soul, the ethics of whose humanity knew no barrier of color or race; whose brethren were the suffering and oppressed of all mankind, and who

“Lived himself the truth he taught—
White souled, clean handed, pure of heart.”

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES

The first, best and most sacred of household treasures are the living members, the dear companion, the love chosen of our youth, and those in whose veins flow the mingled current of united hearts. But it is not of this of never dying interest, that I am about to write; but of those mute household treasures, our books, our pictures, our furniture, and whatever becomes endeared from sympathy, and association. Thank God for books, good books, as among the choicest of earthly blessings, wherein however humble may be our walk or rank, we can have the best and highest society. To every lover of genuine literature there are books which have contributed so much to the formation of his character and have lain like sunshine so long upon his path, that they have become not only invaluable from association, but almost sentient in their relation-

ship to their owner, the spirit of the author is ever present with them, and in sweet communion with the reader. How often, dear bard of my youth, my manhood and declining years, thou soul endeared Cowper, have I felt thy spiritual presence while musing over some passage of thy task, or letters. It has been my lot to know a few of the gifted in intellect, and adorned in culture of mind, and I value highly the favor of their acquaintance, but those of congenial natures can so seldom meet and the circumstances of life so mingle with our meetings, that we rarely realize a full measure of that placid communion, which we find in a favorite book.

THE DIVINE PRESENCE

In the lone visions of the night,
 In quiet hours by day,
 I've felt the presence of His might
 To shine upon my way.

In silent walks through field and wood,
 Or by the babbling stream,
 I too have felt the wise and good
 Along my pathway gleam.

In quiet, meditative hours,
 His presence has appeared,
 With song of birds and new-born flowers,
 In memory so endeared.

And often on my evening strolls,
 Beneath the starry skies,
 I've felt the Power that all controls
 With welcome and surprise.

Thus may my soul be ever found
 Attentive to His call;
 And sacred ever be the ground
 Where'er His light may fall.

D. R.

Nov. 24th, 1884.

Extract from a letter to his daughter Anna,
 March 12th, 1888:

I sometimes almost feel that at life's close I should like to crawl away into the hollow trunk of an old moss grown tree within the calm retreat of nature, where the blue birds and song sparrows might sing my requiem, and the wild flowers grow near by, there to return to nature and to nature's God.

OCT. 11th, 1860

Almost every real enjoyment we experience comes to us simply and naturally. The state of mind which constantly seeks some new form of pleasure rarely accomplishes its object. A philosophic composure is therefore much to be coveted and encouraged. Seeking the companionship of those distinguished for their talents and acquirements, if they are beyond our own sphere and compass, is rarely rewarded with success and usually ends in disappointment.

THE PAST AND PRESENT

With due allowance for the weight of years,
 That presses on us with its hopes and fears,
 And knowing, too, how much we all are prone,
 To overvalue pleasures that have flown,
 My grateful muse would lend her meed of praise,
 In fond remembrance of our earlier days.

1888.

We all need some great and noble purpose of life, for without this our years will drag on or slip away and we shall be found at last hopelessly shipwrecked. Arouse then, O youth, and look around for some grand object of pursuit—it may be an humble duty of every day life that demands thy soul; but is nevertheless thy proper work, and therefore noble—spurn it not, but accept it.

April 26th, 1873.

RELIGIOUS WORSHIP

(About 1862).

Our meeting houses should not be marked by the silence and coldness of the tomb, but our religious worship should be as cheerful as possible. All the sweet influences from outward nature should not only approach, but enter the walls—the fresh airs of spring and summer so laden in rural places with sweet odors of field and wood and rejoicing in the songs of birds and murmuring bees. I would have too upon the walls, pleasant and instructive pictures, historical and pastoral scenes from sacred and other lands, vases of fair wild and cultivated flowers placed about, and in the absence of these during the winter months, fresh evergreens from the woods, all breathing of purity and immortality, and all aiding in the praise and worship of the Great Creator. How different would be the state of many minds, how different the expression of many faces, now so sad and forlorn, and how much more winning in consequence the religious

character of these would become. Say not that these are mere worldly views and breathe of a soul not yet released from the bonds of the flesh, true though it may be, but remember that in avoiding God's blessings we slight Him and become cold, and callous to every sweet influence: Justly are the Society of Friends proud in having as one of their members that noble poet of humanity, Whittier, whose strong and graceful verses ring throughout the land on every great occasion of our Nation's experiences. All venerate the memory of Cartland, the Lycidas of Whittier's heart-touching lament. Both have strongly enforced the truths and principles herein set forth, but of how little avail unless you give heed to them.

ADDENDA (1)

As one great and beneficent source of increase to the numbers and usefulness of the Society of Friends, I would earnestly advise not only a speedy revisal of the Discipline relative to disownment, to the end that none shall forfeit the right to membership in the Society except for immoral conduct, but that all who have been disowned except for offences of this class, may be reinstated as members of the Society unless a wish to the contrary, after due notification having been given, shall be expressed.

ADDENDA (2)

I am particularly desirous that the Society of Friends should become an example unto other religious denominations for a broad and Chris-

tian spirit. Why, it may be asked, do I enjoin this upon this Society more than upon others? If it is for the cause of truth and righteousness, why not stand upon this ground irrespective of any religious society? My reply to this is, that inasmuch as I believe the principles of the Society of Friends to be nearer to those of primitive Christianity than those of any other sect of Christians, I feel that here is the place to begin, asking of the members of this body only a faithful exposition and practice of their own religious views and principles.

It is far better to prevent poverty and crime than to endeavor to correct them after they have been generated by mismanagement and bad government. For nearly all the crime and misery in the world may be traced to an ignorant or tyrannical exercise of power on the part of rulers and legislators.

A PORTRAIT.

Sobered by time, a plain and thoughtful man,
In russet garb of quaint and homely style,
Within the angle of a moss-clad wall,
O'erhung by trees, sits down to rest alone
And meditate, leaning upon his staff,
A rustic stick cut from the neighboring wood.
A glow of health still marks his furrowed face,
For he hath striven through his gathered years
To keep the laws of temperance and peace,
And sought to learn philosophy divine.
Around him spread the fields, and o'er the wall,
For miles away, the old woods stretch along.
Here through the ancient paths he loves to stroll,

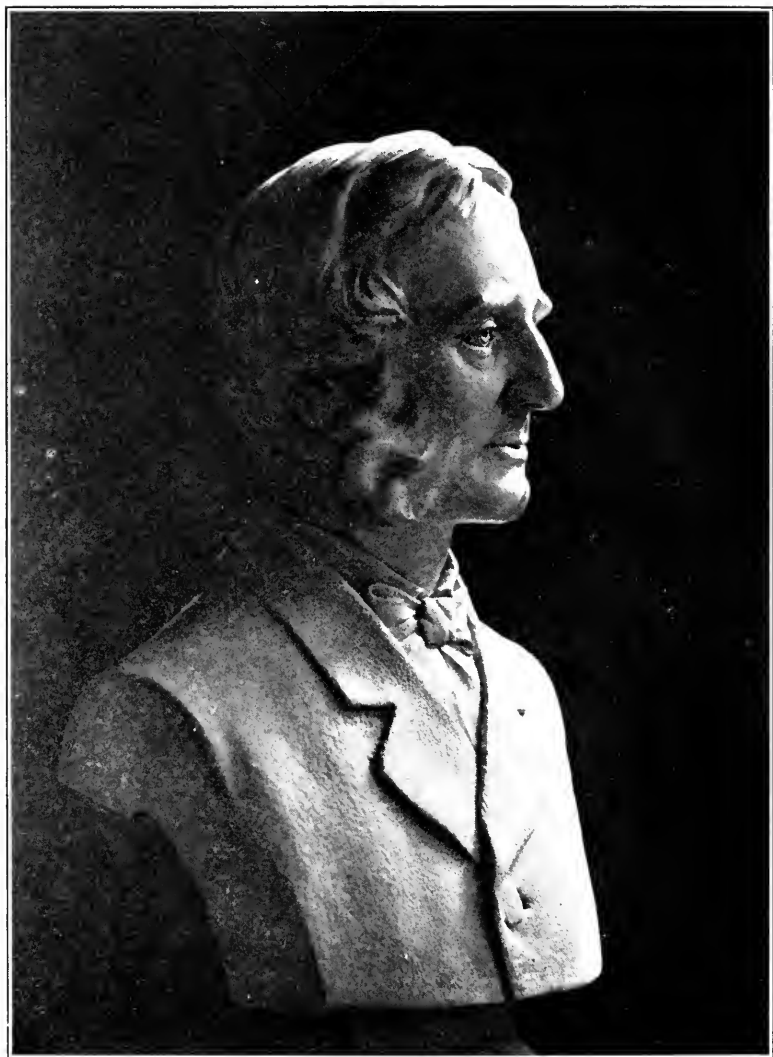
When blow the Autumn winds, or Winter rude
With storms of snow drives o'er the rigid plains;
But most when gentle Spring again returns,
And song of birds awakes the newborn year.
Endeared to him the robin's early note,
The thrush, the jay, and e'en the noisy crow,
The blue-bird's warble, and the sparrow's hymn.
Though not unsocial, yet his soul requires
Long periods of rest from much society,
And mid his books alone he oft is found,
Retired within his humble, snug retreat,
Where naught but homely comforts meet the eye,
And where the poor and weary wayfarer
May find a seat, or those of modest views
A welcome. Here he sits and writes or reads,
And sometimes falls into a reverie
Or slumber. The rostrum or busy mart
No charm presents to him. Others may seek
The plaudits of the crowd, but quietude
And meditation mark his peaceful way.
So would he pass through life, and at its close
Trust to that mercy which forgiveth all,
And thus within kind Nature's fostering arms,
His work all finished, close his eyes in peace.

1868.

LETTERS

*Gentlest of spirits!—not for thee
Our tears are shed, our sighs are given;
Why mourn to know thou art a free
Partaker of the joys of Heaven?
Finished thy work, and kept thy faith
In Christian firmness unto death;
And beautiful as sky and earth,
When autumn's sun is downward going,
The blessed memory of thy worth
Around thy place of slumber glowing!*

WHITTIER.



George William Curtis
From the bust by Walton Ricketson

George William Curtis
from the bust by William Kirtland

LETTERS

NEW YORK, 23d April, 1858.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have had your letter lying by me upon my table for two weeks, and have only now found the moment to reply.

In general I should say that the new Cyclopedia of American Literature and the Memoirs of Madame Ossoli would tell you the great facts and give you the most friendly impression of her life and character. Then Ellery C. knows a great deal about her, but would probably be unjust in speaking of her.

I knew her for 6 or 7 years, first at Brook Farm and then in Florence. She was always kind and very full of fun with me, and when I last saw her in Florence there was a quiet tenderness in her manner which I recall with great satisfaction.

She had a passionate love of beauty, grace and personal fascination, and she seemed stung with secret disappointment that she could not make all she had take the place of all she had not. I never knew any one more truly loyal to loveliness of every kind. She dressed always simply, never handsomely. But here again she recognized and admired in others all kinds of beautiful dressing and ornament.

When I saw her after she was married she was very sweet and gentle, and indeed she is altogether very beautiful in my memory, and I can-

not long think of her without tears. No one who knew her well, and her friends were among the noblest and truest of human beings, but had a kind of passionate regard for her. I was only a boy to her, and a boy who was perhaps more than usually sensitive to the beauty and personal attraction which she had not, but I was always true to her in my heart and in my mouth, and have fought many and many a hard battle for her. I heard of her death at Halifax as I came home across the ocean, which was as soft and sunny for me as it had been tempestuous for her. In one of her last letters from Italy she says to her sister: "A baleful star rose on my birth, and its hostility, I fear, will never be disarmed while I walk below!" Ah! noble soul, it was worth while to have lived so tragical a life, if only to be so affectionately remembered.

I send you a letter which she wrote to me after she had left Rome finally. I was on my way with Quincy Shaw (who is now to be my uncle!) to the East, and had seen her in Florence, before going to Rome. The Horace Sumner she mentions is the one that was lost with her. I had known him at Brook Farm. Please return me the letter as soon as you have done with it. It is the only one of hers I have.

Ossoli I saw a few times. He was a young, modest Italian, and, as he spoke no English, very silent. He was evidently entirely absorbed in her, and it was very touching to mark their mutual tenderness. The child was a mere baby when I saw it.

Good-bye. You are my friend for making me remember her and write of her.

I think with pleasure of your budding trees and bursting flowers,—more pleasantly of you and yours in the house. Remember me most kindly to them and write soon again to your friend,

GEORGE W. CURTIS.

NORTH SHORE,

STATEN ISLAND, Feb. 10, 1863.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I was delighted to get you—carded at least, if not wooled, as so good an abolitionist deserved to be. And I am very glad that your girls spied out my little sketch.* I should have sent you the magazine, but I hoped that you would somehow fall upon it, feeling very sure that there was no personality in it which could offend you or the mamma or the girls or boys.

My wife was delighted at your idea of the cockney hearing the cock crow. But I answered her with great solemnity that I had heard a great many roosters in my time crowing furiously, who really supposed that they were lions roaring loudly. Haven't, for instance, some of our good friends in Boston lately been mistaking a harmless chanticleer who crows bulletins and proclamations most sonorously, for a terrible lion.

My wife's brother, Robert Shaw, is appointed by Gov. Andrew, Colonel of the new colored regiment to be raised in your state, the 54th Mass.

*It seems fitting to insert the sketches. (See next page).—EDITORS.

Volunteers. Isn't that pretty fair for the Dress Coats? He is now a Captain in the 2nd Mass.

Give my kindest love to your wife and the cheery circle round your fire, which I always so pleasantly remember, and do sometimes send me a line and some verses.

Most faithfully yours,

G. W. CURTIS.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE January, 1863

THE NEW MEMBER OF THE SASSAFRAS CLUB

There was lately a special meeting of the Sassafras Club for the purpose of admitting a new member—the member for Woods and Forests, according to the quaint British tautology in describing an officer of the Cabinet. To tell the truth, the new member has almost a better right than any of us to be sworn of the Sassafras Council, for he has sat under more trees, and talked with more, and practically known more of them, than all the members together. He is a true forester; but would never join the hunt of Robin Hood, although he would lie upon a green bank the whole day long, merely for the charms of hearing the distant music of the bold outlaw's bugle and the echoing shout of his merry men. He would find the melancholy Jaques a more sympathetic companion and would gladly cap verses or quaint saws with him, as long as the sylvan cynic chose.

But his credentials as one of the Sassafras are not only his power of sitting in the shade, con-

tent to hear the brook gurgle and the Club chat and gossip, but a rare and intimate acquaintance with all the sights and sounds of nature, the varieties of trees and shrubs and plants, and the time of their budding and blowing; the places which flowers haunt, and the seasons when they come. He seems to have a fine ear, that tells him of their arrival as a magician might hear the flitting and lighting of ghosts. And the same ear informs him of the birds and their singing; and he even hears when they ought to sing, if for a few days they are belated; while all the insects' voices, the choral hum of mid-summer days and early autumn evenings are individual tones to him, and he tells the passage of the year by his ear quite as much as by his eye. He is as shy as a partridge, and not only lives somewhat a recluse from men, but actually hides himself under a broad brimmed slouched hat and within the charitable folds of a huge old-fashioned camlet cloak, even when you are walking or talking with him. His avoidance of society is instinctive, as a musician avoids discords; and he has a humorous twinkling sarcasm in his treatment of those who seem to him sophisticated or enslaved by society. A black hat or a dress coat affect him like the most ludicrous jests, and the habit of stuffing good, honest English talk with French phrases excites his utmost contempt. He declares that he should as soon think of larding a beef tongue with the fat of frogs. Moreover, he is very fond of insisting that civilization has half ruined us; that we are getting so many appli-

ances as to lose our self-dependence; and that modern and ancient, or civilized and savage society may be typified by the army of Julius Caesar in Gaul, and that of Napier in India. The Romans marched with the least possible weight, and carried it all upon their backs, he says: while the British army could not move without a train of sumpter-camels to carry cosmetics. And why this absurd custom of breakfast, dinner and tea? he asks, with amusing dogmatism. Are people to be hungry exactly three times a day, and always at regular intervals? No, it is against nature. When people are hungry let them go to the pantry and eat; but let us have no more wasting precious time by seeing others eat. At best it is a very unhandsome process. I believe that in society people put on their best clothes to come together and see each other eat. I presume from what I know of society, that they do so. I should be very much surprised if they did not.

The delightful twinkle is in his eyes as he speaks; and if you suggest that cows and pigs do precisely as he recommends "people" to do, and when they are hungry go to the pantry and eat, he only smiles the more. But if you should suppose from this discourse that the member for Woods and Forests is careless in his household, and that his home has the charms of a wigwam, it is only because you do not yet know him. After all the fine raillery at the comforts of civilization you enter his house and all that civilization can do for you is done. It is an old farm-house made



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Brooklawn House

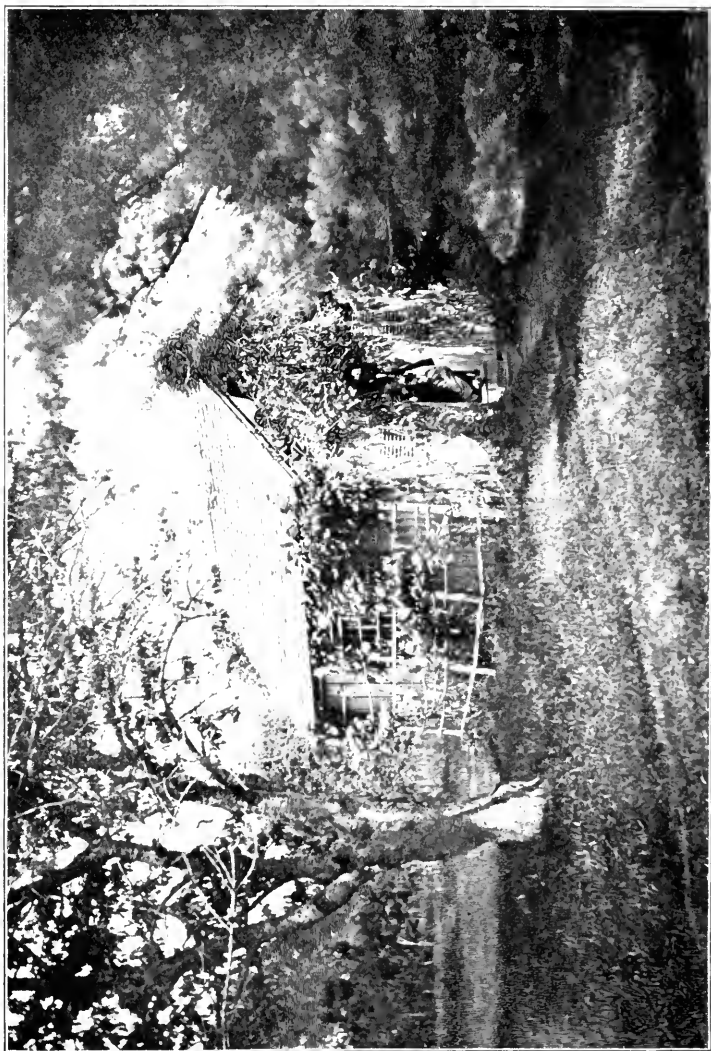
over—just as his picturesque, pretty grounds are a farm made into “a place.”—There is nothing finical about it, but everything is simple and tasteful. The grassy ground sweeps gradually up from the highway, and the road winds broadly round to the door. There is a little pond with trees leaning over it and rocky knoll, making a play-ground of resources which every boy and girl would at once appreciate. The house is a simple square old farm-house, painted so neatly, and its whole aspect so trim, that nobody would mistake it for a common farmer’s; because although it is a pity, it is true, that the houses of common farmers have an untidy, untasteful look, even when it is clear that the farmer is prosperous. On the other hand, it would never be taken for the country retreat of any of the Sparrow-grass family. There is nothing exotic in the house or the owner. It has grown out of him gently and gradually, forming itself as a shell forms around its inhabitant. Yet the member for Woods and Waters is not rich, and has made little outlay upon his place. He looks, indeed, across intervening fields to another neighboring estate, which he calls his creation—the triumph of his heyday of rural inspiration. But as we look and talk about it his eye slips farther away, down the long sloping meadow-land to the east, over the placid stream that dreams of blue and gray skies all the years long, to some solitary brown little farm-house upon the remote hill-side, and he says, “At night sometimes the light from the farm-house seems to me the most solitary

thing in the world." For he is not Orson, this lover of woods and waters, this intimate of insects and birds; but he is Cowper, rather yearning, susceptible, affectionate.

To most people who know him our new member seems very quaint and eccentric. But he confesses frankly that he long ago relinquished the hope of being somebody else, and settled contentedly down to be himself. "If people don't like my hat and my camlet cloak I will keep them out of their sight. I wish to offend no one—except, indeed, the inevitable offense of being myself. I am of the mind of my Uncle Tobey. There is plenty of room for them and for me." But once when a city friend begged him to come to town and see him, the shrewd eye of our new member gleamed slyly as he answered, "You would have to introduce me to your fine friends as a tame woodchuck." And indeed he has what he calls his burrow—a little wooden shanty near his house, which upon the outside has the air of a neat and graceful summer house, with a trellis and flowering vine; but upon the inside is a rough boarded room, with a window upon each side, and iron stove, like a country lawyer's, into which you thrust sticks of wood that crackle and roar up the pipe, making a sudden heat; an old sofa; an old bureau, in whose drawers there are always pears ripening, and apples and nuts in the winter; a high desk, with a range of pigeon-holes above, crammed with dingy papers; and a low desk in the corner, where our friend sits and writes.

I say the walls are rough boards, but they are

The Shanty at Brooklawn



tapestried nevertheless. Wonderful artists have wrought the designs; no spiders and butterflies and worms, nor the frost in autumn tinting forest leaves or ripening them, as Thoreau says; nor yet Raphael and Correggio, or Marc Antonio, or Morghen, or Toschi, with pictures and engravings, nor yet the village tailor with his old clothes. But poets and philosophers, known and unknown, have garnished these rough walls. For our new member has a whim of copying off, in a bold, firm, comely handwriting, verses and sentences that strike him as especially pithy or musical or shrewd, and tacking them up against the boards, so that Milton, and John Woolman, and Dr. Johnson, and Henry Thoreau, and Cowper, and old John Brown, and Plutarch, and George Fox, overlap and crowd and combine in promiscuous wisdom. Perhaps of all names in English literature none is so dear to him, from a sympathy of nature, as Cowper. That tender carefulness of every form of life—that half morbid sensitiveness of the thoughtful recluse, which makes the world an infinity of details—are as much our member's as they were Cowper's. Like the melancholy poet he seems to touch life with bare nerves, and to be incapable of enduring great excitements; so that if he were to undertake a voyage to Europe he would probably turn back at Halifax. If, however, he should persevere and reach England, his first pilgrimage would be to Olney, not to Avon.

A man like our member for Woods and Forests is of course a poet, even if he did not write verses.

But sitting in his burrow, and musing over the little stove, or gazing at the western sky beyond the woods that skirt his acres, a pensive rural music flows from his pen which is entirely genuine and simple, and should count him, if he made it known, among what he likes to call the minor poets. In our English literature he says that he prefers the minor poets. "I can't help it, but I love their simple, plaintive strains more than much louder and grander music." Some of his own tender ditties I am to have to read to the Club as soon as the condition of the lawn allows our assembling under the Sassafras, and I have no doubt that both club and poet will permit me to impart them to the wider club of the Easy Chair. The danger of a reflective rural seclusion to an imaginative and pensive temperament, is its incessant tendency to make a man listen for the footfalls of Time. The constant movement of the year, the succession of the seasons, the changing hues of leaf and bark, and the development of bud into flower and fruit, the cheerful, eager voices of spring evenings yielding to the autumnal sounds in bud and insect, to the falling nuts and beating flail in the yellow haze of Indian summer days, lost at last in the deep winter silence, broken only by the crack of ice in the river and the dripping of snow in warm days from the eaves—all fill the mind with a feeling of incessant action and advance; and the solitary walker in woods and meadows turns in upon himself to mark the signs of his own ripening and decay.

Some such influence we may be able to trace in some of the verses which I hope to secure from our new member for Woods and Forests. I have given but a few fragmentary hints of him, but perhaps enough to show that he is worthy the largest cane chair under the Sassafras tree, and the safest of west winds to blow an accompaniment to his minor music. At the very next meeting, when he is inducted into all the privileges of membership, I mean to recite that charming sonnet of Jones Very's, as the most appropriate hymn of installation:

“The bubbling brook doth leap when I come by,
 Because my feet find measure with its call;
 The birds know when the friend they love is nigh,
 For I am known to them both great and small.
 The flower that on the lonely hill-side grows
 Expects me there when spring its bloom has given;
 And many a tree and bush my wandering knows,
 And e'en the clouds and silent stars of heaven;
 For he who with his Maker walks aright
 Shall be their lord as Adam was before;
 His ear shall catch each sound with new delight,
 Each object wear the dress that then it wore;
 And he, as when erect in soul he stood,
 Hear from his Father's lips that all is good.”

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
 April, 1863

In speaking of the new member of the Sassafras Club in January I mentioned the shanty, or rustic den, which is his study and retreat. There he sits and dreams his dreams, or looks out at the window in the winter afternoon, watching the sunset, and

unconsciously lapsing into a melancholy mood, as if he beheld the symbol of his own decline. But it is the penalty of solitude that, having no others to study, we study ourselves; and by-and-by we have to engage in a very brisk struggle to prevent a morbid habit from overcoming us.

And yet it would seem that the lesson of solitude should be that there is no age in an unpleasant sense. Among the books in which lies pressed forever fair the bloom of so much genius, in which old Herodotus is a boy and Tennyson in his wise music as old as Ulysses—where George Fox still trudges about in his leather breeches, and Milton sits at his door to feel the evening sun—where the verse of Chaucer sings like spring brooks, and we shudder with Dante in the gloom of centuries ago—here surely should be no sense of age, but only of an eternal permanence of thought and sympathy. Even the backward running regrets of our prime are but echoes. The air of all time is full of them; just as everybody complains of his age as sordid and poor. The earliest spring song,

“Summer is a coming in,
Loud sing cuckoo!”

is repeated every year with the first note of the earliest bird. Spenser's *Epithalamium*, Herrick's "Daffodils" are no older than this year's crocuses. The man therefore who lives alone among his books, who has his walls, like those of the shanty, tapestried with all kinds of manuscript extracts from the immortals, should be always young in spite of himself.

And so he is. Our member for Woods and Forests has an unfailing youth, and yet his chief recreation is to lament the departure of its ghost. Years are the merest shadows of life. The essential substance they leave untouched. Many of the youngest men in the world have the whitest hair, and one of the oldest men I ever knew was under thirty. Here is this old elm, the archbishop of the leafy diocese in which I live; it is long past its half century, but every year the tender tips are as green, every year the bowery foliage as fresh, as if it were a mere shoot of a tree springing from the lawn. It is not less so with our new member. If he were a hundred years old his heart would be as young as a boy's, and therefore his words and works, the clustering blossoms and foliage and fruit of his life and character, are as unworn as the sky and as sweet as honey.

Thus in some of the pensive musings which naturally flow in cadence from his pen as he sits writing in the quiet shanty, it is not a stinging regret, it is only an affectionate regard for all the years, all the feelings of the heart, old as well as new, of yesterday no less than to-day, which casts them in the minor key. The purple of the distant hills is a deeper, graver hue than the bloom of the plum upon the tree by the window; but if you sing of purple, you sing of both. Thus in the following verses the poet recounts with delight the precious names of birds and insects, the shrubs and flowers that fill the summer air with sweetness of sound and odor. But when he says that the zest of enjoyment is gone, the verse

itself ripples incredulously in the ear, denying his impeachment of himself. The eye of earlier youth with which he saw, the emotion which he remembers, were indeed "another, yet the same."

FORTY YEARS AGO

The same clear notes the robin sings,
 While on her nest his mate is sitting,
 The oriole with sable wings,
 And golden breast is by me flitting.

The martins chatter from the eaves,
 The swallows through the old barn flying,
 The vireos among the leaves
 Of elms, in singing still are vying.

The summer air is just the same,
 The same blue sky and fleecy cloud,
 A thousand things endeared by name,
 A thousand thoughts my memory crowd.

The harvest-fly with long-drawn note
 Salutes the drowsy noontide hour,
 And on the soothing breezes float
 The cricket's chime of mystic power.

The primrose by the wayside smiles
 Where soon the golden rod shall tower,
 Its beauty still my heart beguiles
 As in my boyhood's sunniest hour.

The raspberry ripens by the wall
 That bounds the new-mown meadow's side,
 The bay-berry and spirea tall
 Are growing still there, side by side.

Mid-summer in her glory reigns
In this our fair New England clime;
Among her glorious hills and plains
How rich this generous flow of time!

In all around I miss no power,
I find no change in earth or air,
The same as in my childhood's hour,
When each new sense was fresh and fair.

No change in Nature's grand domains
As rolling on the seasons go,
Though man may change, she still remains
The same as forty years ago.

But yes! ah yes! I feel a change,
A change within myself alone,
And wheresoe'er my footsteps range,
I find with youth the zest has gone.

Here again, in the same vein:

O my lost youth!
Those days of happy dreams,
Where Hope triumphant
Bore me on my way—

No longer young!
Those bright and cheering beams,
Forever gone!—
Beyond the reach of day.

These verses express not so much a distinct personal regret as that sweet luxury of melancholy into which a meditative mind falls upon a still summer day in the country. When they shall come to be read beneath the aromatic shade of

the sassafras, and mingled with the gurgle of the brook, they will be entirely harmonious with the call of the pee-wee, the melody of the woodthrush, and the z-ing of the locust, as Thoreau called it. It is the vague, yearning sentiment of summer which make such verses; singing itself, as it were, through a sensitive organization. In the same way the winter spirit, homely, domestic, contented, and serene, inspires this "Winter Evening":

"The snow falls on my shanty roof,
And fiercely drives against the door;
But my warm fire keeps harm aloof,
And flickers on the hard pine floor.

"Flickers upon the boards and beams,
That form my humble rustic dome,
Where flies enjoy their winter dreams,
And wasps and spiders find a home.

"Companions of my solitude!
Ye're welcome to your chosen nooks;
In this my habitation rude
Ye never on my peace intrude,
But leave me to my thoughts and books.

"So let the storm beat loud without,
If only peace may rule within:
All harping ills, I'll put to rout,
And deem my solitude no sin."

The sessions of the Sassafras will be attuned to peaceful music by so sincere and simple a muse as this. The gracious elm will not withhold its breezy benediction, and the modest brook will murmur through summer days and nights its soft Amen.

NORTH SHORE,
STATEN ISLAND, 30 June, 1864.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have yours of the 18th, and as usual when I get a letter from you I wish with all my heart that you wrote to me oftener.

The evil of which you speak is more extensive and pernicious than most people are aware. When a man has children, how his eyes are sharpened to moral dangers! I was looking today at an English sporting paper which I took up by chance in a shop, and one page was almost covered with these enormities.

Still there is a constant moral regeneration in the midst of our terrible war. This very day the 8th Avenue city railroad repudiates its prejudice against colored people and orders that henceforth they shall ride in all their cars. It is droll that I should cite such a fact as a proof of improvement, but surely it is so. The hate of that race is the sole stock in trade of a great party in the country, and this in New York, its headquarters, is a cheering sign.

How beautiful this summer is! It is very dry, but the trees are not yet sere. It is very refreshing to me to do my work while the thrushes whistle in the thicket by the little brook.

While you went to your Yearly Meeting I went to the Baltimore Convention. The letter of the Committee to the President, published today, I wrote. I hope you will like it and feel as Mr.

Garrison does that the good cause goes on securely in Mr. Lincoln's hands.

Give my kindest love to your wife and girls.

Yours aff.,

G. W. C.

NORTH SHORE,

STATEN ISLAND, 10 January, 1869.

MY DEAR RYESTRAW,—I am sure from your note that you will have a happy new year, for it is the most jolly I have had from you in many a day.

And as for the poem* it is really beautiful. It is truly musical and compact and full of fine figure and suggestion. I think I should say "When Autumn" &c., instead of "Since"—but I am not sure. Then I have greatly enjoyed your faithful picture of "The Old Homestead," which my good friend Miss Anna sent me in her pleasant note. I am apt to think, however that the charm of those "rare old days" is mainly in our imaginations. The golden age is always a long way behind us— but I find that the fathers made much the same complaints with the children, and sigh for their grandfathers.

I am off tomorrow for the week in the state, and in two weeks I shall make one more run for three or four days into New England, and shall then have run out.

Give my constant kindest regard to all around you, and remember

Your most faithful and affectionate

G. W. CURTIS.

*See poem "The Autumn Sheaf" next page.—EDITORS.

THE AUTUMN SHEAF

Now in the waning years of life,
 Since Autumn crowns my lengthened days,
 Apart from scenes of worldly strife,
 And seeking light from Wisdom's ways,
 I've gathered up from far and near
 The records of my joy and grief,
 And with a mingled hope and fear,
 Have bound them in an Autumn Sheaf.

D. R.

Brooklawn, near New Bedford, April 1, 1869.

ASHFIELD, MASS., 8th Oct., 1869.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—The book* reached me before the letter—and the floods were so strong that I had read the poems before the poet's kind words came. Now, Sir, if *I* had published a volume of poems I should send them to *you* before six months had passed! Ah! the truth is that you always think of me in that dress coat! and you really suppose that somehow it has penetrated my nature, and as you would be uncomfortable in a ball room, so you are not quite at ease with me. I suppose you think that my support of Grant is really a piece of that dress coat! It stands for what you call my conservatism.

I wish that we were seated at this very moment before that cheery fire of yours, with a cup of your wife's delicious tea and Miss Anna coming like Hebe with a basket of that sponge cake, so delicate and golden that perhaps it was descended at last from these sunset clouds,—and then and

*The Autumn Sheaf.—EDITORS.

there I would shake those coat-skirts in your face and prove to you that God has made of one blood all those who wear dress coats and Tartan plaids!

It was curious how your book brought back to me the scenery of your home and that kind of sympathy with nature in which you are unsurpassed. It has to me a most sincere and pensive music, and I should expect, what you say, that there are multitudes of persons who would delight in its strains. It is very hard for me to look at it critically, because it is so full of you. Indeed the Sassafras Club will have to hold a special session to consider it!

We have lingered here under the splendid maples until the flood has swept away all the bridges, but we mean to return next week. We came on the 1st of July and have been here every day since.

Just before we came, the editorship of the N. Y. Times was offered to me, upon Raymond's death, and I have just been nominated for Secretary of State. The compliment of a purely spontaneous nomination from the representatives of such an empire as New York was immense, but I could not accept it. I tell you these things because, despite the coat, I know that you have a fraternal feeling for an old soldier in another part of the field!

But you don't want me to maunder all night, so I say God bless you all and send me in upon you with the snow.

Your affectionate,

G. W. CURTIS.

Your poem upon Margaret Fuller suggests to me that you would like this photograph of her, taken in 1846.

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI

Thy star, O noble woman, hath not set,
 Though thou in person art no longer here,
 But shines more brightly from the clear expanse,
 Our fainting hearts and lingering hopes to cheer.

A cynosure of hope thy life hath proved,
 To thousands who thy presence never saw,
 Thou noble champion of the highest truth,
 Thou brave expounder of the heavenly law.

In learning's maze thou trodd'st serenely good,
 For liberty and virtue lent thy life,
 Plucked from the hand of fate the ruthless wand,
 And taught our race to love where erst was strife.

Thy country owes thee much, but thy reward
 In higher realms already hath been found,
 And generations yet unborn shall learn
 A truer mission from thy noble ground.

How many now just entering at the porch
 Of life's great temple, take thy outstretched hand,
 And led by thee a fairer field behold,—
 By thee have learnt in firmer faith to stand!

When death approached amid the whelming waves,
 How calm and true thou mett'st thy ruthless fate,
 Bowed to his sceptre, and, resigning all,
 Sank but to rise into a brighter state.

As was thy life, so was thy end portrayed
 By noble virtue and exalted truth,
 And when most needed, thou as wont didst find
 The same great spirit that sustained thy youth.

O, what a loss to us who still remain,
Thou who so well our wayward steps couldst guide!
The wand thou dropt'st no other may assume,
And we but feebly in thy faith abide.
1857.

NORTH SHORE,
STATEN ISLAND, 21 Dec., 1869.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Just as I was beginning this note your kind missive came. You need not fear that anything could offend me except your treating me exactly as you do, and being wholly yourself.

I get compliments enough certainly, but they do not very much deceive me. A man may not know himself precisely, but there is no reason that he should not know his actual position relatively among men.

The Shanty is a kind of Confessional where I know that there is a kindly but not a flattering eye, and in which the few fire-lighted moments of every year are very precious and memorable to me.

Nor fear that the turmoil of politics fascinates me. It is not a fascination but a sense of duty. That terrible Conscience, the little domestic chaplain that makes me unwilling not to lend a hand as well as a hope and a prayer to the battle of the time. If the case were decided for me by an overmastering genius or by invincible temperament, as it is with you, I should not take an active part. But my sympathies are divided. I love literature, but it seems to me, for me, a little

craven to sit apart; for you, it would be foolish, it would be impossible, not to.

I was right about Shenstone. Here is the poem, and with it my sincerest Christmas good wishes, and love to all your household. Mine are all well.

Yours always most affectionately,

G. W. C.

ASHFIELD, MASS., 2 August, 1877.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—The paper which I received today from New Bedford tells me of your immense loss, and I know what your grief must be.

The end of the most intimate, the dearest companionship that we know, must have an unequalled pang. We live always in the full consciousness of its certainty, but the knowledge and the apprehension never yet softened the sting.

I have in my memory a picture of your wife that cannot fade, the mild, sweet mother sitting by the blazing fire in the late winter evening as we talked, always full of the gentlest care and consideration.

I beg you to give my sincerest love and truest sympathy to your daughter Anna and to Walton.

I wish you would tell me something of yourself. How much I should have to tell you if I should sit with you once more!

Good-bye, my dear friend, God bless you always!

Your affectionate,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

(OLD HOME),

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., Feb. 5th, 1880.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—It is a long, long time since we passed a letter with each other, and much longer since we have looked into each other's faces.

I am on the verge of old age, and you from a fine young fellow when I first saw you in this old house twenty-seven years ago, have reached the age I had arrived at, or even older than when we last met at Brooklawn. Pleasant times were those.

But my chief object in writing you is to ask the favor of a line to Mr. Longfellow, to take when I next go to Boston, which I expect to do in a week or two. I presume the dear bard is much troubled by these introductions; and I am sure I would by no means add to his burden in this line; but on just reading from my scrap-book, where I had placed it some twenty odd years ago, his poem "The Day is Done," those stanzas

"Come read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay"—
"Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime"—

I thought that I might find a place in his heart. You know us both, and you will know whether it would be best for me to call upon him. I hope that you will be utterly frank with me, for I have no other motive except to see and speak with one whose muse has for so many years been one of my greatest enjoyments, and to express to him

my debt of gratitude therefor. So if you should feel the least hesitation, or deem it impracticable, don't fear to let me know. I have outlived if I ever had it at all, any man-worship. But now as ever before I love the friendship and society of noble and good men and women, a good share of which it has been my good fortune and privilege to enjoy.

I am still hale and hearty, even in better health than when we used to meet

“Dear” (Georgius) “five and twenty years ago”—
 As Cowper says—“ ’tis even so—
 With frequent intercourse and always sweet,
 And always friendly, we were wont to cheat
 A tedious hour—and now we never meet!”

Please read the Epistle to Joseph Hill, Esq., and apply it to yourself.

You are always remembered with affection in our family; and now as associated with the dear departed ones, your friendship becomes hallowed in memory. Anna joins in much love, and with my best wishes for your health and happiness, I remain,

Yours most truly,

D. RICKETSON.

WEST NEW BRIGHTON,
 STATEN ISLAND, N. Y., 9 February, 1880.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your letter is most welcome and I send you with all my heart the line to Longfellow, whom if you knew personally you would love even more. A more truly beautiful nature was never given to man.

Your grateful letter awakens a thousand pleasant and tender memories. Despite my knowledge, I can think of you only at Brooklawn, and this afternoon as I walked alone in "Yon orange sunset waning slow," I recalled just such hours with you as we strolled across the fields to the woods.

Meanwhile time pushes us along. My boy graduated at Harvard last summer, and is studying medicine here in New York. My daughter is a tall girl nearly nineteen who plays charmingly. I live at home almost as much as you did in the old days when I sat by your Franklin fire-place with you and the dear mother at your house.

Remember that as I am a busier man than you, you ought to write to me sometimes and I will surely answer. So we can still hold each other by the hand, for I am always,

Affectionately yours,

GEO. W. C.

ASHFIELD, MASS., August 13th, 1884.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—My correspondence has increased so enormously that my wife comes to my aid with her printing machine, or Calligraph, so that I can pull through more easily.

No letters are more welcome than yours, and I hope that you are not dismayed by the uproar produced by my refusal to vote for a man who traded in his place for his private gain.

But as for politics, I had to make my choice in 1855 between a life of literary ease and anti-slavery politics, and I am not sorry that I chose

the latter. With genius I might have done as Milton did; but without it I could do only what I could. I should have despised myself had I declined the service that offered itself to me, yet I do not deny that my tastes and inclination have often protested. I am not naturally a fighter but I have been always in a fight, and at sixty I am still fighting. My dear friend it is all right, "I could no other."

Believe me always, seen or unseen,

Affectionately yours,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

ASHFIELD, MASS., August 14th, 1886.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I think of you very often and our happy days and nights at Brooklawn are unfading in my memory.

I recall nothing with greater pleasure than my yearly visit to your fireside, the walk in the wood and the talk in the Shanty in the afternoon; the hour by the glowing hearth after the lecture and the sunrise from my window toward the sea. Yet the belated note that you send me and which I receive so gladly is not written in a more flowing hand than the companion note in which it comes, and the heart which inspires it is the heart of which I have been always sure, and which a few more years do not chill. Surely your life is as serene and your content as deep as if you had forsworn your woods and fields and hotly shared the struggle which you have observed from far.

When I think of you, you are seated in the rocking chair by the Franklin fireplace and you

are quizzing me and my city behavior with that glance of twinkling fun with which you will always look at me. I wish that you had been with us yesterday to see the great pleasure of Matthew Arnold and his wife in a drive over these hills and by the streams. He is a great affectionate boy, with genuine simplicity of nature, and not a flower or a tree nor a trout pool, nor a lovely vista escaped his eye. Many of the people who drive might as well be at home with bandaged eyes. Lowell staid a fortnight with Norton last year and he was delighted with the peaceful seclusion of this place, but I doubt if he does more than make visits here. Next week Howells and Cable are coming to our annual Academy dinner here, to which we allure the men whom the country folks would like to see.

Did you see my address at the unveiling of the Pilgrim last summer? It was not printed until August, and as I am not sure I send you one now.

Our life goes tranquilly on. Our boy is trying to practice medicine in Brooklyn, and our girl lives with us at home. Happily we are all well.

Your whiskers, if you have any, cannot be whiter than mine or your heart more faithful to me than mine to you.

Affectionately yours,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

WEST NEW BRIGHTON,

STATEN ISLAND, N. Y., January 26th, 1887.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Do not be troubled by the calligraph. It is a happy invention saving your

eyes and my hand. And how good and friendly in you to send me a New Year word and to remind me of your constant friendly regard, which you may be sure I never forget.

I remember very well the little book of Barnes and I am sincerely glad that it led you to arouse a kindred spirit. While dear old Whittier on the verge of eighty, sings with all the tender freshness of his early song!

I wonder whether it is to your Quaker birth that you owe your tranquil life. How singularly peaceful it has been and you have probably found more true solace in it than if you had been the victim of a restless ambition. You would laugh if you knew how often my mind dwells upon Brooklawn and our annual winter afternoon and evening, never forgetting what I have mentioned before, that window toward the dawn. I think that you have sat a good deal at a window of that outlook!

You speak of seventy-four,—well, you always were eleven years ahead of me, and as I am very young still, you cannot be very old. I find that age is like the horizon. It is always about the same distance away. Then there are so many old fellows of forty and so many youthful octogenarians that Time has come to look to me very like an impostor. There is Sidney Bartlett at 89, who went from Boston to Washington the other day to argue a case in the Supreme Court.

You speak of the Easy Chair, and it is in truth easier than ever. The long habit of that kind of

talk prevents it from being a labor. I am indeed very busy in many ways.

Happily we are all well, and at this moment my wife and son and daughter are sitting with me before the blazing cannel coal fire in my library, which is my working room. My boy will soon be married, but my girl is fancy free.

I have your photograph. But when you are taken again send me yourself once more.

Good night and good bye, and I am always,

Your affectionate friend,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

WEST NEW BRIGHTON,

STATEN ISLAND, N. Y., June 6th, 1887.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—It was like your good kind heart to send me the little card to show that the friendly feeling of six years ago is still unchanged. Such a message awakens a thousand pleasant recollections which happily are part of us forever. The riches of memory as you must find, because I do, are among the precious treasures of increasing years. The callow youth in the swallow-tailed coat which always amused you so much has grown into the white whiskered patriarch of sixty-three, and if he were sitting with you in the Shanty he would tell you that when he tells over the gems of his casket, you are a pearl of great price.

I am a very busy man, but my work of various kinds is, as it always was, my pleasure. I have been obliged to learn to say no, but my yeses leave me few really idle hours. But I am very well and my wife is never ill. Our girl is just

now at St. Paul in Minnesota with cousins of mine, and our boy was married in February, and is a doctor in Newton Centre, near Boston. We still live upon Staten Island, which was never lovelier than at this very hour.

Now tell me of yourself, how do you pass your days, and do you often see the fields and woods with which I always associate you? Why am I not coming to the Head of the River tomorrow to jog along the peaceful road to Brooklawn!

Always affectionately yours,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

WEST NEW BRIGHTON,

STATEN ISLAND, N. Y., January 6th, 1888.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I wish you could know what pleasure your little poem and your letter gave me and how cordially I return and reciprocate your friendly greeting.

What magic like memory? How is it that I see unchanged the woods, the lawn, the Shanty, the meadows falling to the shore, the glory of the east at dawn, the Franklin stove, the rocking chair, the cheery cup, the cosy comrade sitting with me before the undimmed fire?

“Forever shalt thou love and she be fair.”

But the sculpture on Keat's Grecian urn are not more enduring than those upon my memory. It outwits Time, for while he may change us with furrows and snow and slower step, memory shows us to each other in the fullness of spring and hope and youth.

I remember very well your poet Barnes, and I

will get a copy of the memoir if it is published here, and I have no doubt the Easy Chair will feel just as I do, and chat of all you wood-thrushes together. But it is just too late for the next number, which is that for March,—so long in advance we must be ready!

No, I am not yet a grandfather, but I live in hope. It is altogether incredible should it befall, because I feel more like a grandson than a grand-sire.

I am very busy, but I am so fortunate as to like my work.

How gladly I should sit with you again before the singing fire! But in my warm heart if not by the warm hearth, I sit with you always.

Good bye, God bless you.

Your affectionate

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

WEST NEW BRIGHTON,

STATEN ISLAND, N. Y., December 21st, 1888.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—I owe my lame leg a blessing for bringing me so welcome a letter from you, written with the same kindness of sympathy and the same grace of chirography which are so long and so happily familiar to me.

You recall what is always one of the most un-fading pictures in my memory, those delightful days in other winters which I passed at Brook-lawn, days of which this still, bright day in which I am writing, is a symbol. I owe a great deal to the talks with you as we tramped into the woods or hung over the Shanty stove, or in the late even-

ing sat round the hospitable Franklin stove. The figures that surrounded us are unchanging in my mind, and your talk which was of a tranquil recluse but sagacious observer of the active life in which, as now, I was then engaged was for me an Antaeon touching of the mother earth of simple rectitude and human duty.

How near we are still and yet we never meet. But in my busy days I think of you very often and wonder why we never walk in upon each other. Yet my *wanderjahre* are over and yours never began. But I decline to think that age necessarily goes with years. Here is my doctor, who will be eighty in a month, straight and active, and Mr. Bancroft, from whom I had an affectionate line upon his eighty-eighth birthday in October, and whom I saw in August upon his horse. Your life has been so temperate and so tranquil that I suppose I should find no more change in you than I find in your heart or your handwriting.

The trouble in my knee I owe probably to too much skipping about at lawn tennis last summer. Fortunately for my comfort it is painless, but I can only hobble about the house on crutches. It mends almost imperceptibly but at least seems to grow no worse, otherwise I am well and I go out to drive for a couple of hours every day.

It is curious that the Pilgrim and the Christmas holidays should blend so nearly, for they were not friends. But Time softens all. I have no doubt that even you Quakers have forgiven the old Puritan for love of the new.

Good bye and merry Christmas to you and

yours, and don't let a very long time separate your letters.

Affectionately yours,
GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

WEST NEW BRIGHTON,
STATEN ISLAND, N. Y., December 19th, 1889.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—For your writing is as firm and clear as I remember it when I used first to see it nearly forty years ago, and when as now, it always brought a pleasant message of good cheer.

If there were no Calendar or Almanac and we measured each other's ages by vigor and vitality, old age would be a very uncertain term. My brother-in-law, Robert B. Minturn, has just died in his fifty-fourth year, a very much older man apparently than Mr. Furness whom I saw in Philadelphia last month at 89. You remember him in the old abolition days. Then my wife has a great aunt who at 92 is just recovering from a severe cold. I shall be sixty-six in February, and except that I don't like to leave home, I am not conscious of what may be called age.

As for the official honors of which you speak, they will never come, and even if they could I should "smiling, put the question by." President Lincoln would have made me Consul General in Egypt; President Grant, if Mr. Jay had declined, would have asked me to be minister to Austria; President Hayes offered me the English and the German missions. But I declined because I preferred my independent private

activity, and certainly I have never regretted my decision.

Turning over Garrison's Life I think much of you, and if you haven't it I should be delighted to send it to you as a Christmas box. It will give you reading for many a day. There are a good many old fights vigorously fought over in it. So please let me know whether you have it. It is just twenty years since that inscription upon the Landor. Do you remember his quatrain which is perfectly characteristic?

“I strove with none, for none was worth the strife.
 Nature I loved, and next to Nature art.
 I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
 It sinks, and I am ready to depart.”

There is all of Landor in that. In Emerson's English Traits there is a fine portrait of him, “living in a cloud of pictures.”

You see how I prattle on, as if we were crooning together in the Shanty. It shows you that my heart, like yours, is unchanged, and that at least we do not grow old for each other.

My knee is well again, and I walk about freely like you and other hearty young folks. Give my love to your Anna and Walton.

Your affectionate old friend,
 GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

WEST NEW BRIGHTON,
 STATEN ISLAND, N. Y., July 14th, 1892.

DEAR OLD FRIEND,—Your letter is like a grasp of your hand. It brings back to me many and

many a happy hour, although it cannot deepen the affection with which I regard you.

I remember very well that you were always before me, but I had forgotten that it was so many years. I think of you as unchanged by time, for I know that your heart, out of which are the issues of life, is unchangeable.

Give my love to Anna and Walton, and God bless you all.

Yours aff'y as of old,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

By A. S. C.

Sept. 2d, 1892.

MY DEAR MADAM,—You will permit me, I trust, to join with you in sympathy and affection for the beloved one who is released from all further suffering, and whose noble heart is now at rest. I gathered a little hope of his recovery from your last kind note to me, but I feared from the first he dictated, with its touching benediction, that he was himself hardly expecting to recover.

Few men have left so good a record, certainly none of our time a better one. We did not see alike in political matters, but in spirit we were the same, both for the good of the great cause of humanity.

The short annual visits we received from him during a period of some twenty years, while on his lecturing tours, we always looked forward to with pleasant expectations, and were enjoyed by us all. He would go from our retired home in the country (a few miles from our town) per-

haps to be the guest of Longfellow or Lowell at Cambridge the next night, and the next thereafter with some rural magnate in a western county of our state.

His life was a beautiful poem, and had I the gift of the author of the "Mahabarata," I might describe his pilgrimages—but they are written on the tablets of the hearts of his endeared friends. Let us trust that he has already joined D. G. "the spirits of just men made perfect," and found the companionship of the good and the pure he so much enjoyed here who had gone before.

Trusting that you and your family will be sustained by Him who can alone do so in our hour of greatest sorrow, I remain,

Yours very truly and respectfully,

DAN'L RICKETSON.

SHADY HILL, CAMBRIDGE, 3 March, 1894.

MY DEAR SIR,—Our dear common friend Curtis has so often spoken of you to me, and told me of his warm regard for you, that your kind and interesting letter gives me especial pleasure. I like to feel that it is thro' him this pleasure comes to me:—

"This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar."

I am glad that you have enjoyed Lowell *Letters*. They seem to me to give a true and delightful picture of the man himself, and from their freshness and sincerity, to say nothing of their contents, to take their place easily among the best epistolary records of eminent men.

Your reminiscences of him are extremely pleasant and characteristic, and I thank you for sending them to me. I shall take your letter to his daughter, Mrs. B——,—the little Mabel of your memory,—who is now living at Elmwood, and I am sure that it will give her no less pleasure than it has given to me.

All your recollections of College and College men, and of Cambridge in the old days have special interest for me, Cambridge born and bred as I am, and having the happiness of living with my children, in the house in which I was born. I was between three and four years old when you first came here. I remember distinctly, from my earliest childhood, the quaint figure of Dr. Popkin, and the benignant face of "Old" Dr. Ware. There were characters of more marked individuality in those days than the smoothing and levelling influences of democracy permit the existence of today. President Quincy, for instance, with his fine Roman vigor, and with a warm, kindly, sympathetic heart beneath his air of sternness. Lowell has embalmed many of these old personages in his delightful essay on "Cambridge, thirty years since,"—now sixty and more years since.

Let me thank you again for your letter. I am, with sincere respect and regard,

Faithfully yours,

C. E. NORTON.

TO MR. DANIEL RICKETSON.

OLD ELM PLACE,

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., June 4, 1894.

C. E. NORTON, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your generous letter of March 3rd came duly to hand, and was gratefully received. Although I am no Barmecide I can say with you:—

“This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar.”

I have seen no full life of our beloved friend, G. W. C. Should such an one be undertaken, I could make a selection from letters I received from him during the twenty odd years of our acquaintance and friendship, which would show the humorous as well as genial side of his admirable character. Who shall fairly portray him?

“Who would not sing for Lycidas?”

“Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe and pale jessamine,
The white pink and the pansy freak's with jet,
The glowing violet.”

“Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strow the laureat herse where Lycid lies.”

You who have done so well in presenting to the public our honored and accomplished Lowell, could better than any one else I know, perform a like work for our beloved and lamented Curtis.

I was in hopes to have had a few lines from Mrs. B., the “little Mabel,” I remember so long ago. I suppose, however, she is already fully occupied with her domestic cares and correspond-

ents and must be satisfied with your kind mention of me to her.

Now, my dear friend, do not fear I shall longer burden you with my desultory thoughts. At my advanced age of nearly eighty-one years I often feel as a lone tree appears, in a broad field, whose early companions of the grove had fallen. Thus a letter in so kindly and responsive a spirit as yours becomes truly welcome. With kindest wishes for your welfare and happiness,

Yours cordially,

DAN'L RICKETSON.

ASHFIELD, 11 July, 1894.

DEAR MR. RICKETSON,—I thank you for the pleasant letter which you sent to me last month.

The writing of the Life of our friend Curtis was put into the hands of one of his younger followers and friends Mr. Edward Carey of the New York Times. It seemed better that a young man should do this work than one of Curtis's contemporaries. Something of the more intimate and delightful personality might be lost, but much would be gained in having the estimate of the succeeding generation of the influence he had exerted upon them, and of the service which he had rendered to the country. Mr. Carey has done his work well, with sympathetic appreciation and intelligence. The book will be published, I believe, in the autumn.

Ashfield is beautiful still, but its best charm has departed,

“For he has gone, and he has left me here
Sole in these fields.”

I hope that you are enjoying the summer, and that you have all the tranquil blessings and few of the discomforts of old age.

Sincerely yours,

C. E. NORTON.

TO MR. DANIEL RICKETSON.

What a pleasant name your home has!

SHADY HILL,

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Jany. 19, 1895.

DEAR MR. RICKETSON,—Your kind letter of almost two months ago gave me much pleasure, and made me once more regret that you did not belong by right to Harvard. I hope you have by this time seen Mr. Carey’s Life of our dear common friend. It seems to me to be well done, and to present Curtis as he himself would not regret to stand before the public. He appears in it the modest, manly, simple person that he always was, and if much of his charm be missing from Mr. Carey’s pages, it is only because that charm was incommunicable.

The volume of Curtis’s Essays which the Harpers have just published contains some very delightful pieces of his writing; but there is little of his writing which does justice to his great gifts, and little of it, I fancy, that is going to last as a permanent addition to our literature. I like, perhaps as well as anything he ever did, his delightful memoir of Irving. It deserves to be printed

by itself and to stand side by side with Irving's own pleasant memoir of Goldsmith.

I have not been reading anything of late which would be likely to please you. A good many years ago one of our old college professors said, on resigning his professorship, that he was "going to retire to read *the authors.*" I find myself more and more drawn to *the "authors."* They long since became friends, and the older one grows, the higher is the value one sets upon old friends.

I hope that the year has begun happily for you, and I am, with all good wishes,

Sincerely yours,

C. E. NORTON.

DANIEL RICKETSON, Esq.

MR. DAN'L RICKETSON.

MY DEAR SIR,—Though you begin with asking yourself why you should write me, I put no such question to myself on opening your letter and finding your name at the bottom. I was aware of nothing but a sunshiny sensation, such as comes over one upon seeing the face of an old friend who had been a long while away. There was a softness in it which has a slight touch of sadness, for it took me back, not to that which you say was the last time you met me, but to your coming to Mrs. Arnold's when my best friend, with her pure, blessed countenance, was there with us, shedding that delicately fine influence over us which the true woman always does over the man of a nature open to such influences.

How subtle it is, too!—acting upon us like a soft voice, which, unnoted, brings us into a state of inward harmony, followed at length by a consciousness of it, and then of that which won us into it.

I have been in New Bedford but once since Mrs. Arnold died, and not long after; and I doubt my ever being there again. But should I find myself there once more, I shall surely visit Brooklawn, (a pleasingly compounded name), the one breathing its slumberous sounds over the stillness of the other, and giving the life of motion to its rest. Yet nature however motionless it may seem to us, never seems dead; at farthest, it is only in a half-conscious sleep: even the dried and barkless tree seems in a sort of melancholy consciousness aware of its nakedness.

I thank you for speaking of the "Son." You almost tempt me to read it again myself. It was many, many years after my mother's death, and after I had been made familiar with death and after what eats so into the heart worst of all, after many years of anxiety, that I wrote it; yet I should hardly have written just such a tale (I am sure I should not) had it not been for my loss of her. It was my first loss and sorrow. Perhaps your loss was like mine in that, and so the little tale still draws you to it. I have made some way into seventy-six years of life, and most likely I shall leave you behind me; and if I do, you must read the tale once more when the news of my death reaches you: let it be your funeral rite over me.

I have lost both my brothers since I saw you; and this last winter my dear sister, Mrs. Allston, went to her rest. My two sisters, my daughter, and my son Edm'd with myself, now form our household. Edm'd is a dreadful sufferer from a complaint which I fear will never leave him. My daughter, whom you kindly remember, is well, and using her strength in the service of the poor soldiers, sewing and packing, &c. Rich'd is well and fully employed in his office of U. S. District Att'y. He has lately argued in the U. S. Court in Washington an important case involving new points in prize law, and at once gained great reputation with both Court and Bar. So there is now and then a gleam of sunshine breaking upon me through the darkness of these days.

Fail not coming to see me if you visit Boston.

RICH'D H. DANA.

Boston, Apr. 1, '63.

DEAR MR. RICKETSON,—Upon opening your letter (written upon your return home) just now, I was surprised to find how much had been sheared off from the small remnant of the web of life left me from the time you were here to the present moment. Very soon after your kindly letter reached me a violent cold seized upon me, shaking my old bones and muscles, suspending the very life of my stomach so that I loathed food; but it was not strong enough to keep its hold, so that I at length freed myself and am about again, wishing in my walks that you were footing it by my side.

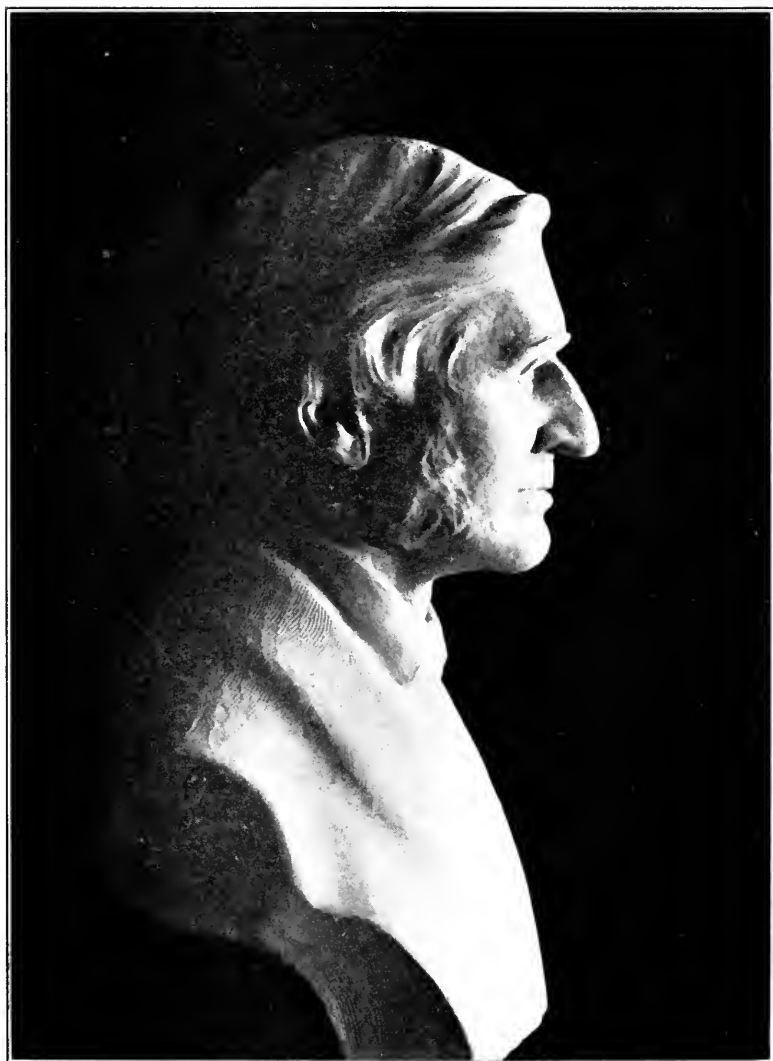
You see why I did not answer you nor thank you for the pleasant stanzas that you sent me. If your "friends do not think that they possess much merit," I can only say that though some few of the stanzas and lines might be bettered with working over, yet, as a whole, it is what you intended, is natural and is felicitous in a certain homeliness of circumstances which makes one assured that it came of real, honest feelings and was not got up. If the "Old Barn" be, as you say it is thought to be, better than what you enclosed to me, I should be sorry indeed not to snuff the odor of its old hay-mow. I carry in my nostrils to this day my father's barn, in which I played when a boy and where I buried in the hay the wild pears to ripen. How retentive of certain odors the memory is! Or, rather, how they keep their hold upon the memory. I suppose the skilled anatomist is able to explain to us (to his own satisfaction at least) how and where the olfactory nerves connect themselves to that portion of the brain where dwells the memory, where, Spenserian wise, he hoards his old records.

The Anti-Slavery Standard I have never seen. My brother, Edm'd Trowbridge Dana, after whom my son, Edm'd T. was named, and who himself was named after our uncle, Judge T., was one of the club that started the Anthology, and not I.

The portrait which you saw in our parlor was of my Grandfather, Rich'd D. We tried, in after days, to get my father to sit to Stuart, but failed. Allston, who highly respected him, said he could

paint him from memory, and always had it in intention. Rich'd Dana, Judge Trowbridge, and a Gridley were the three leading lawyers of their day. I believe you studied law. If so, you may remember having seen many precedents in Declarations, &c., bearing his name, in Story's Declarations. He was an ardent "Son of Liberty." He died just before the battle of Lexington. He married a sister of Judge Trowbridge. Judge Trowbridge and my grandfather Ellery, of Newport, married daughters of Judge Renington; and Judge Renington married Gov'r Bradstreet's daughter, in the line of Ann B., the poetess (a Dudley,) and one of the Dudleys was a Judge. So there were, at least, three judges in the line, under the Crown and after the Revolution, my father. I opened an office for a while, then came my sons; so, you see we have stuck to the profession from early times to this day.

I have not only corrected some errors in facts in your communication to the Mercury, but have also added a few for your edification. Your communication is not only pleasingly written, but the spirit of it touched me. Yet that same spirit led you to exaggerate the best part of me, and blinded you to defects. How little, too, one man sees of the inward workings of another, even of the honestest. But over-praise to a man who knows himself, may be better for him than over-blame, sometimes, as it may bring into distinct consciousness his evil nature and unworthiness, while the blame may stir up indignation and wrathful self-defence—at least so do the two nearly always



a London eye. But, my dear Sir, it makes one feel somewhat silly to find himself suddenly dressed up in *cravat* rose colors and paraded before the public.

Sincerely yrs.,

Rich^d H. Dana.

Post-off. 37 Nassau St., April 9, '68.

Ms. A. 9. 2. 1. No. 60. 1. 57.

My dear Sir, I have been unpardonably slow in acknowledging your kindest invitation. I thank you for your good and thoughtful letter, and beg to say that I shall go this time.

Mr. ————, who took care when I was at ———— to find the last time to say that he engaged me to give a house for the next year. Yet I have a very good will to read the inscriptions that have gathered on your bust, and of his master's mind.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

From the bust by Walton Ricketson

but it may be necessary for me to come and go by the short way that gave you so much amusement already. So we will let all this lie for the present, for the 21 December is still a whole lunation ahead.

With kindest regards to your household from all of mine,

Your obliged servant,

R. W. Emerson.

Mr. RICKETSON

Ms. A. 9. 2. 1. No. 60. 1. 58.

My dear Sir, I fully believe in personal freedom and respect every man's pri-

Ralph Waldo Emerson
from the pen of Helen Ripston

act upon me. But, my dear Sir, it makes one feel somewhat silly to find himself suddenly dressed up in bright rose-colors and paraded before the public.

Sincerely yrs.,

RICH'D H. DANA.

Boston, 37 Chestnut St., Apr. 9, '68.

CONCORD, 21 November, 1857.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have been unpardonably slow in acknowledging your kindest invitation. I thank you for your care and thoughtfulness in my behalf. I do not know but I shall go this time to Mrs. ———, who took care, when I was at New Bedford the last time, to say that she engaged me to her house for the next year. Yet I have a very good will to read the inscriptions that have gathered on your Shanty wall, and on its master's mind. And as usual, I do not know but it may be necessary for me to come and go by the short way that gave you so much amusement already. So we will let all this lie for the present, for the 21 December is still a whole lunation ahead.

With kindest regard to all your household from all of mine,

Your obliged servant,

R. W. EMERSON.

MR. RICKETSON.

THE SHANTY, 7 A. M., April 21st, 1869.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—While I fully believe in personal independence and respect every man's pri-

vate rights, I cannot feel easy at the thought of your taking rooms at a public house in my own native place, without extending to you my poor hospitality.

I know you must be often very weary from traveling, and the exertion required in lecturing, and need retirement and perfect quiet: such entertainment you should have. The best hospitality is that which leaves the guest most at ease. If you will come to my home, you shall have the Shanty, and a bedroom in the house to yourself, and private meals if you prefer—no one shall molest you, or make you afraid! I do not think, however, if you should accept the hospitality of myself and others, that it is at all incumbent upon you to open your own house to every one that visits Concord. You pay in your personal presence and leave all in debt to you with whom you tarry. In years past, when on my visits to our beloved Thoreau, I have received many kindnesses from you and your family, and should be glad to reciprocate them to you all.

I wish that you could lecture in the day time, and in the open air, as did the philosophers of olden time. Are there not parts of our year, say the months of June and October, when this could be done? I often question whether the injury to health, and personal discomfort, be not too great a sacrifice even for the best evening entertainment.

I remember with much pleasure the pleasant walk to Walden pond with you, Mrs. Emerson, your children, and Thoreau, some ten years ago.

With kind regards to Mrs. E. and the rest of your family, I remain, in the bonds of Christian love, and good fellowship,

Yours truly,

DAN'L RICKETSON.

CONCORD, 11 October, 1869.

MY DEAR SIR,—I received through Mr. Channing your gift of the History of New Bedford, for which I have delayed to thank you. I have not yet read it through, but have read a good deal in it, and with much content. It is written with good sense and with selection, and with affection. Interesting traits have been preserved so that you will have this pleasure in mind, that every year will be making your book more valuable and more valued, and distant men will heartily thank you.

I was sorry that when your son came to Concord I should be a cripple, forced to think of myself alone, and I believe, I went away the next day. When he comes again, we shall be better acquainted.

With great regard,

R. W. EMERSON.

MR. RICKETSON.

We were all concerned that Mr. Thoreau should prosper at the Music Hall on Sunday. From private reports I infer that he made a just impression.

AMESBURY, 17 8 mo., 1875.

MY DEAR F'D,—Thy favor has just been rec.

My sympathies are naturally with the laboring class, amidst which I was born and grew up to manhood. But I confess that I have never known much benefit to result to that class from strikes. I don't know enough of this particular movement to feel authorized in expressing a decided opinion. Thee is on the ground and of course understands it better than I can at this distance. In this vicinity the mills now have been at a great loss for the last 18 months and the stock has fallen from \$280 to \$70 per share.

I was reading over the other day in Thoreau, his correspondence with thee. What a rare genius he was; to take up his books is like a stroll in the woods or a sail on the lake—the leaves rustle and the water ripples along his pages.

I have not seen Emerson since a year ago at our dear Sumner's funeral. I met Garrison the other day in Boston.

Excuse this brief note, I am not well, and have at this moment one hundred unanswered letters, and the pile daily accumulates.

Always and truly thy f'd,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

AMESBURY, MASS., 10 mo. 13, 1887.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am glad to get a letter from thee. I always think of thee as a true lover of nature and retirement from the noise and push and greed of the world.

I find it difficult to avoid strangers who seek

me out and occupy my time, and sometimes greatly weary me, as my health is very delicate. They prevent me from seeing and writing to my real friends with whom I have much in common.

I miss much, Emerson, Longfellow and Field and other friends, and Boston has no longer the attraction it had for me.

I try to get into the fields and woods as often as I feel able. Nature never disappoints me, never tires me. I am glad to see the Witch-Hazel; it is not found very near us here.

With love and sympathy,
 Thy old friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

OAK KNOLL, Oct. 29, 1890.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I thank thee for thy very kind letter and heartily reciprocate all thy kind wishes.

We are both somewhat advanced in the journey of life, but I am a good deal ahead of thee, and find it more and more difficult to answer my friends' letters as I could wish. We have both much in common, in our simple habits of life, and in our close acquaintance with and enjoyment of Nature. As Bryant says—

“Well has Nature kept the truth she promised
 to our youth.”

Thanks for the sprig of Witch-Hazel; it does not grow here, tho' it ought to, for this is the region of the Salem Witchcraft.

If thou sees our dear friend ————, give her my love and tell her that I fully sympathize

with her in regard to the condition of the Society of Friends. I long more and more for the old ways.

With much love, thy old friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

BOSTON, Oct. 31st, 1857.

MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you with all my heart for the great kindness of your note.

Any allusion to the days and the scenes of my childhood awakens overwhelming emotions within me. Recollections of early tears and struggles rise, the pathetic image of my mother, holy and sad, comes from a far off grave to me, and it is hard not to weep. Excuse me, but you have touched this chord.

It will give me pleasure to accept your invitation if possible. I am to lecture the previous night at some distance from home, and probably shall not reach New Bedford until about time for the lecture. But afterwards it may be feasible for me to pass the night under your hospitality.

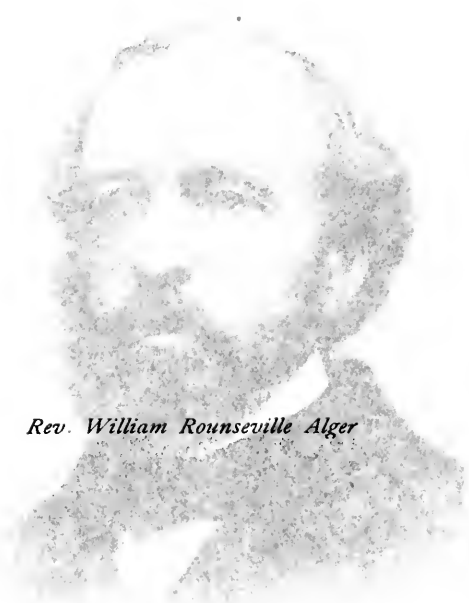
Yours cordially,

WM. R. ALGER.

BOSTON, Jan. 14th, 1858.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I had for several days been thinking of writing to express my grateful acknowledgments to you for your kind hospitality, and to say that I retained the pleasantest remembrances of my visit—when, anticipating me, your letter arrived laying me under new obligations.

The tie of blood between us is a happy re-



Rev. William Rounseville Alger

of the Society, and the Society of the old

of the old

W. R. ALLEN.

Oct. 1857.

With all my heart

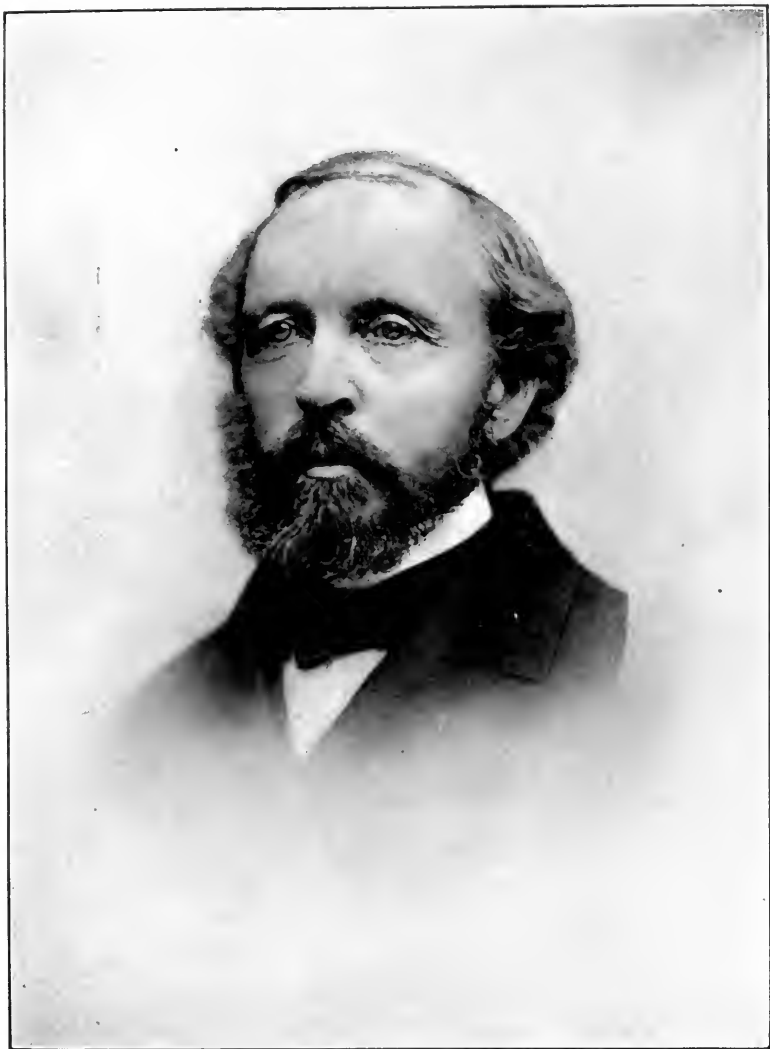
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 Yours cordially,

W. R. ALLEN.

Boston, Jan. 1858.

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 for your kind hospitality.
 I obtained the pleasantest remem-
 when, anticipating me, your
 me under new obligations.
 between us is a happy re-



inforcement of the spiritual tie which related us before. Cousin Ricketson I am very well, I thank you. How are you? In my own case I shall reverse the refrain of the old song of Polly Hopkins, and say, "I am all the better for the seeing of you," Daniel Ricketson! "all the better for the seeing of you."

The fact of my great grandfather, Levi Rounseville, fighting at Bunker Hill is wholly new to me, and I am extremely obliged to you for communicating it to me.

I rely on seeing you when you come to Boston; and if you persist in going to the Tremont House, at least you must dine with me. Please let me know when you come. It is with no slight pleasure and impatience that I look forward to a sally in the spring, out of your Shanty, over into old Freetown haunts.

My kindest regards to your family.

Sincerely yours,

WM. R. ALGER.

BOSTON, June 17th, 1858.

DEAR FRIEND,—Since I parted from you in that snowstorm at the River-Side station your image has been "in my mind's eye, Horatio," a thousand times, and with grateful recollections of your kind interest in me I have reciprocated it, and have indulged the design of a visit to you. That purpose has only been postponed from time to time by a pressure of urgent occupations.

And now when I receive your warm-hearted invitation, and read your lines with the breath

of Nature breezing through them, a powerful longing comes over me to come at once. But ah! ever do the inexorable Fates interfere with man's hopes and joys. I start this day for Swampscott, where I am to spend eleven weeks, coming to Boston on Sundays to supply my pulpit. And having just begun to print my History of the Doctrine of a Future Life, I am so driven up by proof-reading and preparing manuscript for the press, verifying references and making improvements that I cannot possibly get away at present.

I am sorry you did not call on me Anniversary Week, for it would have given me much pleasure to see you. As soon as a few days of leisure arrive I shall rejoice to accept your kindness and revisit the haunts of my childhood with so good an antiquary and pioneer as yourself. It may be that I can arrange an exchange for some Sunday during the summer with Mr. Ware, the gentleman who supplies Weiss's pulpit. I shall keep the whole matter in mind, and come to you as soon as I can, even if it be not till the sere and yellow leaves 'gin to fall in autumn. In the meantime, and ever, I shall bear an appreciative remembrance of you and your kindness. May the great Gods smile on your heart and light your way with serenity of joys.

Please give my cordial regards to your family. Expect some day to see a pilgrim arrive at your Shanty door, said pilgrim being

Your true friend,

WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER.

DANIEL RICKETSON, ESQ.

BOSTON, Nov. 5th, 1858.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—You utterly amaze me. I thought you ere now among the mountains of Tyrol, or the castles of the Rhine, or the Catacombs of Rome, or somewhere else in antiquity and remoteness. For many a time I have been sighing in disappointment over my purpose to visit you and review the scenes of my childhood. When now behold, all of a sudden, comes your charming letter informing me that the “Shanty” is not bereft of its occupant, and that I am not to be balked of my visit and pleasure. A thousand thanks for your kindness.

I will leap from the first train at River-Side next Monday morning, if it be a fair day; if not, why then on Tuesday I will be there. Should Tuesday be a stormy day, I will come on Wednesday in the earliest train from Boston. When we meet you shall explain the reason why you are not in Europe. Meanwhile take this from the Sanskrit, and farewell.

“The new moon now appears in yon heaven-tent’s
azure-hued swell

As a cutting which lucidly clean from God’s finger-
nail fell.”

What a penknife or pair of scissors must have been used!

Affectionately yours,

WM. R. ALGER.

BOSTON, Feb. 27, 1859.

DEAR BROTHER RICKETSON,—It is Sunday evening and here I am sitting alone in my Shanty,

chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies after the work of the day. My wife has gone out to the house of one of her sisters, and I must soon go after her. Meantime I take a few minutes to acknowledge the receipt of your extremely kind and felicitous missive. I laughed heartily at its quaint rich humor, admired its brilliance, and was grateful for its sympathy. It ought to have been answered sooner; but what with my parish duties, and what with miscellaneous lecturing before country Lyceums, and what with a course of lectures now in progress twice a week, at the Lowell Institute, I am a pretty well used up man as to time.

And even now instead of writing you such a letter as you deserve, covering mortal pages of foolscap, I am only scribbling a miserable apology. Well, "cheer, boys, cheer."

What's the news among the rabbits? How do the woodchucks flourish at this time o' year? How curls flagrant "smoke from pipe"? Stir up the backlogs in the old Shanty stove. Pass the cider! Ha, ha! cider! That's good.

Friend Daniel, never get down at the heel; give the blues a wide berth. Sing good cheerful poems with the wholesome tang of New England fields and huckleberries in them.

Tell Mrs. R. I have not seen Hosea Haskins yet; but I hope to when next I eat such a royal supper of "apple slump" at Brooklawn.

Hail and adieu,

W. R. A.

SWAMPSCOTT, June 15, 1859.

MY DEAR FRIEND RICKETSON,—What has become of you? Have the woodchucks eaten you up? Have the weasels caught you asleep? Have the sparrows buried you under last year's leaves in the forest? Have the musk-rats drawn you down to their fellowship underneath the "Head of the River?" Has the great unwashed poet of New England dashed you in a pan of unwrinkled cream, and churned you into cheese?

Have the family of *testudinata* chewed you up, so that haply ere now the juiciest parts of you have been served up as mock turtle at the Astor or the Tremont? Have you turned into a catamount and gone off to the Cordilleras for prey? Have you been metamorphosed into a crocodile, and are you now diving under the rushes of the Nile with an Egyptian baby in your horrid jaws? Have you transmigrated into a potato and gone to seed? Or have you heard of Hosea Haskins and been struck dumb and penless by the shock? Which of these fates, or what other unimaginable catastrophe has befallen you, that you have ceased inditing me epistles from the Shanty odorous with the flower banks of Acushnet and musical with the bird-notes of Brooklawn? Speak I command you. Write and tell I conjure you by the old rail fences and the lichen-clad rocks, by the dilapidated school-houses, and the deserted meadows nature is reclaiming to herself. I adjure you let me know at once all about you.

I love to get letters but hate to write them. You owe me one these months past. So you see when I write twice how much I like to hear from you.

Here at Swampscott on the seashore for the summer we are all well, and I am most busy in literary tasks. Sending best regards to Mrs. R. and all your family, I am with all kind wishes and grateful remembrances,

Ever your sincere friend,

WM. ROUNSEVILLE ALGER.

SWAMPSCOTT, July 12, 1859.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Had I not been plunged heels over head in pen and ink writing on a theme which absorbed me I should sooner have acknowledged with sincere thanks the arrival of your reply to my "*quadrupedante*" letter.

You had shown so disinterested and tender a sympathy for me, and the experience of it had been so rare in my neglected and anxious life, and therefore came so sweet and pleasant to me, that I could not bear to think you had fallen off and forgotten me. I shall now feel at ease on that score whether I hear from you or not. I shall know that you still feel the same; and when the fateful yoke of toil which now holds me in the furrow is lifted off by the completion of the task I shall come and see you again. Meanwhile it is balm and cheer to me to feel that your heart beats kindly towards me in a world where there are so many selfish and cruel souls whose breath

is enough to put chillness into the summer day and freeze the timid currents of humanity.

You may remember something of what I told you about a plan I had for a book on "Poetical Ethics or the Similitudes of Human Life." I have just finished the 16th chapter of it, the "Experiment of Life." I will quote a sentence from it. "A superior being might construct no small portion of the experience of humanity in this world, from knowing the single fact that the human heart has created in literature and lingered fondly over the legends of three fabulous fountains—the Fountain of Tears, the Fountain of Youth, the Fountain of Oblivion." To-day I commence Chapter 17th, which is the "Night of Life."

We are all well and happy here on the seashore. I trust all is well and bright with you also. Please give my best compliments to your family and tell them I joyfully anticipate the time when I shall again sit at your hospitable board and eat "apple slump."

Vale, jucunde amice, in nominibus deorum, vale!

WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER.

BOSTON, Nov. 12th, 1859.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your kind letter has been lying by me for too many days unanswered. The same old excuse, stale from repetition, must still plead for me. Some time or other the time will come when this continual pressure from without will be thrown off, and this ceaseless urgency

from within will come to an end, and I shall have leisure for the amenities of life. But now I feel that my tasks must be done before I can throw aside my pen and jacket, and be a free and careless boy.

I thank you for the kindly and honest criticisms in your letter, and will try to profit by heeding them.

What a sad thing it is to look by imagination these days and nights into old Osawatomie Brown's cell, and think of his hurrying doom. It makes me melancholy. What an accursed system slavery is, root and branch, cause and effect. I am afraid they will not hang the old hero, but degrade him into an imprisoned convict. Let them only hang him, and it will glorify him, and give a stupendous impetus to the feeling in the Free States.

I did hope to come and see you for a day and night this fall, but so many irons in the fire, so many visits to make in my parish, so many sermons to write.

Your Lyceum have not invited me this season. Last year I gave them a lecture on very short notice; at some inconvenience, to fill a gap unexpectedly made by Chapin's illness. This year I have a lecture all ready which would suit your audience better, I think, than either of the former ones. It is "The Old Chivalry and the New; or, The Mediaeval Knight and the Modern." For the sake of a flying visit to you I hope I may have a call for this. If not, at some future time we shall meet.

Meanwhile and ever, with all kind memories
and sentiments, I am,

Faithfully your friend,

WM. R. ALGER.

CONCORD, November 7, 1859.

DEAR SIR,—Your book on the History of New Bedford reached me through the Post Office a day or two since, and I have given it a hasty perusal. Like all memorials of the old time it has a pleasing interest, and I have to thank you for the pains you have taken to revive and make visible to us so much of the past of your growing city and vicinity. Books of this sort are becoming more and more important and valuable as part of the written Chronicle of men and times that cannot die—private and venerable forever.

I have before me an octavo of 500 pages by Dr. Henry Bronson, Professor at Yale College, on the History of Ancient Waterbury in Connecticut (my native place) with an appendix of Biography and Genealogy. It is one of the many of these town histories like yours, that one reads with a human interest and improvement.

I was not aware of being so near the homestead and resting place of any ancestor of mine when at your house and while we stood in the old burying-ground at Acushnet. You were kind enough to turn the corner of the page in your book where you speak of him to his praise. On looking over my notes I find he came from Weymouth. He was the eldest son of Capt. Ephraim

Hunt who came with his father Enoch Hunt, from Titenden in the parish of Lee about two miles from Wendover in the County of Buckinghamshire, 35 miles W.N.W. from London. His mother was Joanna, third daughter of Dr. John Alcock of Roxbury, whose mother was the sister of Rev. Thomas Hooker of Hartford, Conn., and wife of George Alcock, John Eliot's first Deacon of the first Church in Roxbury. Rev. Samuel Hunt graduated at Harvard College in 1700. His father was a representative to the General Court in 1689 and 1691, and one of his majesty's Justices at Boston in 1700. Barber says "the territory comprising the town of Ashfield, Franklin County, Mass., was granted to Capt. Ephraim Hunt of Weymouth as a compensation for services rendered in the Canada Expedition of 1690. It was actually conveyed to his heirs forty-six years afterward, and settled by a few families in 1742. It was incorporated as a town in 1764; previous to that time it went by the name of Huntstown, of course the name of its original proprietor." Rev. Zechariah Whitman of Hull was an Uncle of Rev. Samuel of Dartmouth, and Rev. John Robinson of Duxbury was his Cousin.

I hear your son has been in Concord lately, but I failed of seeing him. Channing is here now, though I never chance to meet him anywhere and hear rumors of him only. Thoreau has just come back from reading to Parker's company a revolutionary Lecture on Osawatomie Brown, a hero and martyr after his own heart and style of manliness. It was received here by our Concord folks

with great favor, and by the Worcester friends of his. I wish the towns might be his auditors throughout the length and breadth of states and country. He thinks of printing it in pamphlet and spreading it far and wide, North and South.

I have just harvested my apple crop, and shall take it kindly of you to come up some time and taste of them. Wasson is living here now, and what with him and our other neighbors, it might not prove an unprofitable visit. My wife will be glad to make the old hospitalities good to her guest and "pay off" some old scores of that sort if permitted. I am to be at home for the present month, and shall be glad to welcome you to my house and fireside.

Remember me to your wife and family. Their memories are pleasant to me.

Your friend and servant,

A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

DAN'L RICKETSON.

CONCORD, May 8, 1869.

DEAR FRIEND,—I am late in acknowledgment of your Book of Verses. It came to hand last Tuesday, and I have but opened and dipped into the leaves at intervals of planting and family affairs, having yet to give it the faithful reading which it invites and deserves.

Now were you here in my Study, I might speak the impression this cursory glance has left upon me, as I cannot hope to write it. Let me then just intimate some of the pieces that touched me

most, as breathing most tenderly the poet's spirit and genius. The Second Series I find has most for me. "The Old Trammel" calls up a homely picture in the old sense of the word, and "The gentle voice and quiet eye" suggests one who graced my "early home."

In Series Second—

"Working at the mill, Bessie," tells the human heart, and should be read at the coming Labor League Conventions.

"The Old Barn," "The Barren Field," "The Winter's Evening," are true antiques, having the homely charm and simplicity of nature and nearness to common things.

"My Quest" interests me as a piece of pure piety and wholesome independence of sects.

"In Memoriam inscribed to H. D. T." and all you write of him is tender and touching. This and The Philosopher's redoubtable dance to "Its own music chanted," should find place in his biography.

In the dearth of pastoral verses yours are significant. I wish they may prompt our young poets and authors to treat of country life—its simple pleasures and pursuits, as besides yourself, only Whittier and Channing have done for us. You remind me most of the first, and in the subdued melancholy of your verses, of Cowper; with more of flowing cheer of Burns. Thoreau is our New England ideal in prose. I am looking for the poet who shall sing New England Life in the New England Spirit as he did its nature. And these verses of yours fairly show your spirit

akin with his, linking your name with its fairest and best.

Last evening Channing was here and carried away your book. Now I add that I should be pleased to see you in Concord.

With kind regards to your family,

Very truly yours,

A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

DANIEL RICKETSON.

NEW BEDFORD, Dec. 15, 1856.

DEAR MR. RICKETSON,—I have forborne to say anything on the subject of the shawl until I had made a fair experiment upon its practical qualities, but believing I have now done this, I may record my testimony as unqualifiedly in its favor.

It is not a fickle, volatile acquaintance that smiles on you one day and runs away the next, not a saucy coquette who lures you on and turns about at the next interview, but a substantial, reliable acquaintance, the same in all weathers, warm-hearted and true-hearted, with great breadth of character, profound resources and several thicknesses of shelter and refinement.

I had had an idea of a shawl, that there was such a thing, that is, I had seen melancholy looking people dragging a thing of the sort about over their shoulders, nipped apparently by the frost and suffering from close-pinioned arms, but I had no idea that these blue-nosed creatures were warmed, protected and garrisoned by this truest, bravely satisfactory, woolen friend.

There is nothing I do so much admire in character as honesty and sincerity; these qualities will even cover up the lack of politeness in a man and of *bonhommie* in a woman, and these indispensable virtues are especially delineated in the shawl; to this they are in fact essential, and without them no shawl is—no real shawl I mean.

When the old wind howls and the stars look like the faces of lost friends out of those thin-spun heavens, I shall wrap my shawl closer around, and remember the man who produced that bundle—when I should have gone shivering about the world as if it was an Alpine chasm, I shall now walk dressed in furs and a summer atmosphere.

All honor to the creature that wove it; he must have had a profound perception of the right and the convenient, and been a man of the kindest heart. All honor to the man who brought the bundle, the genial philosopher and occupant of the Shanty, where the ancient council fire and the calumet of peace never go out.

In short,

Yours shawled,

W. E. C.

(William Ellery Channing.)

BOSTON, 28, 3d, '58.

MR. RICKETSON.

MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you for the kindly letter you wrote me a day or two ago. I received it yesterday.

The great difficulty with the churches is this:—they have an Idea of God which is utterly inadequate to the Purposes of Science and of Religion. If I am sure of God—hereof His Power, Wisdom, Justice, Love, Integrity, then I fear nothing, for I Know all will turn out right at last.

Now the church God can't be trusted. He loves none but church-members, then wholly irrespective of their character. To all the rest of mankind he is but a great, ugly Devil! But the Idea of God we form from our own consciousness and the study of the material world is quite other;—that gives us the Infinite God, Father and Mother of all that are, having that, I fear nothing else.

I send you a speech and a little Sermon which please accept from yours faithfully,

THEODORE PARKER.

WAYLAND, Dec. 22d, 1859.

DEAR FRIEND RICKETSON,—Did I, or did I not, answer your glowing and most welcome letter about John Brown? I really cannot tell. For about that time I was absent from home a fortnight on account of the severe affliction of an old friend, and when I returned I found such an accumulation of letters about the old hero, or his family, that I was completely bewildered. Since this week came in I have written answers to twenty; as many more were answered the week previous and I do not yet begin to see my way through. They came pouring in from all quarters; from Maine to N. Orleans, from Minnesota to Rhode Island. Nearly all of them were sym-

pathizing and laudatory. Those from the South were inconceivably violent and filthy. They were to me a new revelation of the degrading effects of the slave system upon human nature.

After my reply to Gov. Wise, a few old fogies wrote imploring me to remember the "sacredness of our Constitutional obligations," and the danger of dissolving the "blessed Union." It would have done your heart good to have read my curt replies to some of them. Recent events have charged me so full of electricity that their poor cold souls coming in contact with me received a powerful torpedo shock.

Was there ever anything in ancient or modern times more sublime than the martyrdom of old John Brown? It seems as if not a touch were wanting to the picture to give it significance and power. His unswerving faith in the principles for which he was so willing to die! His noble consistency in refusing to have a slave-holding priest pray over him! his tenderness in stooping to kiss the colored child on his way to the gallows! Oh, he was a great, and good, and brave soul! Those may talk about his error who have the heart to do it. I only pray to God for strength to act up to my principles as heroically and consistently as he did to his.

On this Anniversary of our Forefathers, in view of the rapid degeneracy of our country, let us thank God that a few men among their descendants have been found ready to die for a principle.

If I have not previously thanked you for your

letter, I thank you now. It greatly refreshed and strengthened my soul.

Hoping to meet you at the Festival in Boston, I remain,

Ever most cordially and respectfully,
Your friend,

L. MARIA CHILD.

MEDFORD, March 14th, 1861.

MUCH ESTEEMED FRIEND,—I write to ask you a question about business matters. I have edited a book for a highly intelligent and worthy colored woman, which you may have seen advertised under the name of "Linda." It is as interesting as a romance, and is at the same time true. The style is very lively and dramatic. I was pleased with the woman's propriety and refinement of manner, and very much struck with the M. S. which delineated the principal incidents of her life. Thinking it calculated to do great good to the Anti-Slavery cause, I helped her all I could. Unfortunately, the publishers of the book failed, before a single copy was bound; and the Boston publishers are so shy of touching anything Anti-Slavery, that I find considerable difficulty in extending the sale of the books.

Do you think any bookseller in New Bedford would sell some of them? If so, how many would he take? He might have them at 68 cents per copy, if he takes a dozen; the retail price is \$1. It is something quite out of the common way; more interesting than any biography of a slave that I ever read, and told in a highly dramatic

manner. If the bookseller would not take any, do you think anybody in N. Bedford would subscribe? Would it pay, do you think, to send somebody down to N. Bedford and Nantucket to sell it? I wrote the Introduction to certify what I know of the woman's character and history.

How I should have liked to talk matters over with you, during the exciting events of this winter! I am very little disappointed in Lincoln's Inaugural; for I did not expect it would have much back-bone, after I saw that Seward was to be Secretary of State. I have moreover thought all along that the Republican Party was valuable to the cause of freedom only as a means of keeping discussion alive all over the country. That is a necessity of their existence as a party, and they cannot avoid it. As for Lincoln himself, I believe his nature is honest and true, but he is in the hands of politicians.

If those troublesome Border States would only go with the rest, and leave us to live in a Confederacy wholly free! But they will not go; and though we could not whip them away, Seward & Co. will coax them, and offer to buy them in, just as if their partnership was a mighty favor and one they were loth to grant; and they, of course, will most willingly be paid a high price for what they have already determined to do from self-interest. So we shall still be bound to surrender fugitive slaves; and the Southern Confederacy will have the Border Slaveholding States for a line of sentinels between their frontier and free soil. Thus the fugitives will be as badly off

as ever, and the Free States still fulfill the ignoble and wicked office of slave-catchers.

Oh, if we had only had firm, upright men to guide affairs at this crisis! I could weep to think what a glorious opportunity has been lost by reason of selfishness, servility, and cowardice. God forgive Wm. H. Seward! It takes infinite mercy to do it. Charles Sumner is clear and unchangeable as the Polar Star. Till I see that Star change its place in the heavens, I shall never distrust him. Wilson's last speech on Crittenden's villainous Resolutions, is also able and manly. Thank God there is a little leaven left, to keep up the fermentation, which sooner or later is to work the wine of freedom clear of dregs and scum.

Yours with sincere respect and esteem,

L. MARIA CHILD.

I was extremely pleased with your lines about Emerson, some months ago.

I shall be in Medford till middle of April.

LINES

TO MRS. LYDIA MARIA CHILD,

On reading her graceful tribute to the memory of an old Anti-Slavery friend.

Friend of the Truth! dear Mrs. Child,
 Though Titan strong; yet loving, mild,
 Whate'er thy ready pen would show,
 With pictures rare thy periods glow.
 Thy life a round of good hath shown,
 And all our land is richer grown,
 In whatsoe'er the age may grace,
 Through service for the human race.

Thy heart-warm tribute I have read,
 In memory of the sainted dead,
 Of one who fought so well the fight,
 For all deprived of human right,
 Instead of life's inglorious rest,
 Stood by the side of the oppressed—
 The poor down-trodden, suffering slave,
 When few might dare the storm to brave,
 Honored indeed are such as she,
 And green for aye her name should be.
 Few at the most the faithful found
 In those dark days to take the ground,
 When Pride and Wealth proclaimed the ban
 Of base contempt upon our plan;
 But thanks to God those days are past,
 Oppression cannot always last.
 And now though found in life's decline,
 The same good Light will on us shine,
 That guided us in life's young day,
 And grace our path with flowers of May;
 For they alone grow never old
 Whose hearts, like thine, fair summer hold,
 And her thy words so sweetly mourn,
 Now gathered to life's final bourne.

D. R.

New Bedford, Mass., Jan. 29th, 1871.

WAYLAND, Feb. 15th, 1871.

FRIEND RICKETSON,—I was very much gratified by the verses you sent me. It is very pleasant to me to know that anything I write excites sympathy in others; and I live so secluded from the world that when I have sent forth my thought, or expressed my feeling I seldom know what comes of it.

I miss the stimulus of the old Anti-Slavery times, when electricity flashed so fast from one soul to another. But so much remains to be done that no one ought to withdraw his hand from the plough. So I still keep at work with such strength as I have left.

I feel anxious about this St. Domingo affair. It is a bad business; a real filibustering project, twin-brother to our taking Texas from the poor, weak Mexicans. This Republic will sink rapidly to degeneracy and ruin if we go on thus seizing the territory of our neighbors by fraud or force.

Mr. Sumner writes to me: "The case is worse when it is known in what spirit this business has proceeded. Filibuster violence rules. It is an outrage that reminds me of Kansas. Frigates of war and ironclads are not necessary for any just business. The President of Hayti has sent a message to me appealing for the protection of his people. The Haytian Minister is extremely anxious. And I am insulted because I try to do my duty."

The good, brave man! What a tower of strength he is! And how he always has to breast the storm alone!

We are in good health, mind and body; and we hope you and yours are enjoying the same blessing.

Your verses happened to come on my birthday, and were all the more pleasant as an offering on that occasion. Sixty-nine years old last Saturday! I don't feel so old. I try not to rust out,

and I quietly accept the necessity of wearing out.

Very respectfully and cordially your friend,

L. MARIA CHILD.

DEAR FRIEND,—Many thanks for your very kind note. It is not only cheering but strengthening to know that our course is watched with interest and approbation by those whose position gives them rare means of judging and whose cool judgment is so likely to be correct.

I remember your father well—a man of that transparent simplicity which always impresses me deeply, such a one as Southey would have loved to describe, and who brought often to my mind some of the sweetest passages in the “Doctor.”

I agree with you entirely as to present affairs. There are reasons for hope, signs of progress, the only thing to be feared, among our friends is, that they may mistake a little progress for entire success. What a blessing it is to live in such a stirring age! our tastes may revel in quiet nooks of literature, but I always remember that with all his love for retirement, one of the first voices heard in aid of Clarkson* was that of Cowper, clear and trumpet-like, whose notes still ring in our hearts.

Goodbye,

Yrs. most truly,

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

July 25th, 1856.

*Wilberforce.

D. R.





May 26th, '69

Dear Mr. Howitt, - Thank you for this cordial
and cheering and

to me also, the
- I am after you

Your volume I did not
only this summer
but power of
and
relief

to me also, the
- I am after you

William Howitt

My
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11/10/11 11:11:11

May 4th, '69.

MY DEAR FELLOW,—Thank you for this cordial expression of your sympathy. It is cheering and full of strength.

Your volume I shall take with me into the country this summer, to read, as I've often read your pieces, among trees, under the haymow in good cozy leisure. I remember them with special delight, and thank you for this convenient form to preserve them. Glad to have this cordial recognition of our Christian fellowship.

Heartily yrs.,

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

D. RICKETSON, Esq.

Nov. 10, 1870.

DEAR FRIEND,—Your message of friendly sympathy came to me awhile ago. I pocketed it and chewed it—a sweet morsel—and ran around the State pleading for self-control and the poor. It was pleasant to feel your hand on my shoulder, and it made me stronger for this duty. So many thanks for expressing to me your concurrence. I believe your heart is so made you could not help feeling right on these matters.

With kind regards,

Yrs.,

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

D. RICKETSON.

HEIDELBERG, GERMANY, Feb. 7th, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR:—Your very kind and interesting letter of April 23rd, 1841, only reached me here a

very little while ago, and I take the first opportunity of a private hand as far as England to assure you of its receipt. Had I received it earlier, I could have enclosed you an answer direct in the pocket of a countryman of yours, a Mr. Shaw of Boston, who with his friend Mr. Cabot, a descendant of the celebrated Sebastian Cabot, was a student here. They are, however, now gone, and I must request my agent in London to forward you this by the first opportunity.

I must assure you with what pleasure both myself and Mrs. Howitt read your warm-hearted letter. The best reward of writing is to feel that it has answered its purpose, given a real pleasure to some of our fellow men and strengthened in their hearts those feelings of fellowship and of gratitude to God for His glorious gifts of life and nature, which are our best possessions. It is particularly delightful when these acknowledgments come from distant countries. America has many charms and attractions for us. It was one of our youthful day-dreams to migrate thither, to purchase a lasting heritage, to live a country life there, to make our own maple sugar, cultivate our own vines, and Indian corn, to traverse your noble woods, and visit all your magnificent scenery of mountains, rivers, and lakes. Providence had another path laid out for us, but America is to our minds only an extension of our own country and kinship, and of late years so many kind voices have been thence sent over both to my dear wife and myself, that we have more than ever close links of sympathy with it.

It would give us great pleasure to visit your noble country, but that appears very problematical, though I sometimes cherish the thought, and our eldest daughter, a lively and imaginative girl of 18, often spurs me up to go and take her with me. But we have four younger children whose education is with us the great object of care, and on which account we are, for the present, residing here. Long coming years will more and more demand our attentions on this scene, and we must make our wishes subservient to the interests of this dear scheme. We expect to continue about another year in this country of which we have now seen a great deal, and then to return to England.

We have read your account of your youthful feelings in reading Cowper, and all your affection for the beauty of nature with great interest. It is not improbable that some time, if other objects will permit, that I may write a volume of visits to the Birth-places and Tombs of the Poets, in which the haunts of Cowper would, of course, take a prominent place. This, with illustrations, I am sure would be warmly welcomed by all the lovers of poetry and nature, both in our country and yours. It is an idea I have long cherished, but it has not yet been my lot to find leisure for carrying it into effect.

We were sorry that we were not in the way to see your distinguished country-women, Miss Sedgwick and Mrs. Sigourney, when they were in England. Mrs. Howitt got Mrs. Sigourney's letter here and has replied to it. They, Mrs.

Child and Miss Leslie are great favorites of ours; as are the Indian stories of Cooper, the eloquent writings of Channing, Bryant, Paulding, some of the sketches of Washington Irving, and Willis, and many others. Mrs. Howitt is now writing a series of small tales for the people and their children, which are reprinted in America. I think you would be pleased with them, especially with the last published—"People Abroad, or Which is the Wiser?" It is a true, though somewhat too poetical picture of this place and its people, with some sketches of selfish English travellers, too faithfully depicted to be altogether relished at home.

Accept our sincerest thanks for your friendly invitation to America. Should we ever reach there we shall have much pleasure in seeking you out and shaking you by the hand. In the meantime we wish you all the happiness which a heart open to the best influences of heaven and earth can promise, and a country in which so much of genuine literature and of nature's ancient greatness exists can afford.

Mary Howitt begs me to present her kind regards, and wishing all health and prosperity, I remain, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

WILLIAM HOWITT.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., 31st Oct., 1863.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I cannot any longer observe silence towards one to whom I am indebted for so

many pleasant hours of reading, and for whom I feel so much respect.

Nearly a quarter of a century has past since I first wrote you, my letter reaching you at Heidelberg, from which place your first letter to me was dated. I have all your letters to me, together with a note from Mrs. Howitt, kept together in a package in a private drawer. I have also the daguerreotype of yourself and the engraving of Mrs. Howitt, the latter nicely framed and glazed hanging in our parlor with other worthies, such as "Scott and his friends," Milton as a youth, et al. I need not tell you that not only myself, but my whole family value them highly for the sake of the originals. Not only you and Mrs. Howitt, but Anna M. and your sons are included in our family affection. You have our warmest sympathy in all your joys and sorrows.

I trust that you and dear Mrs. Howitt are enjoying in a fair degree at least, the fruit of your industry and honest toil, at least that you possess your spirits in peace. Happy indeed in one particular, that you are living in a land not convulsed by a cruel Civil war like ours. You hear, but at a distance, the report of our troubles; but the many sad and stricken hearts you cannot know. The "Rachels mourning for their children, and refusing to be comforted because they are not." My oldest son, a young man of some twenty-eight years, entered the service soon after the commencement of the war as surgeon in the navy; he has been absent about two years, and we are now expecting him home daily, the Capt. of his

ship having died of yellow fever at Pensacola. I have another son, and two daughters at home, who, with my wife, their mother, comprise my family.

Although I love to think of you as depicted in the "Boys' Country Book," and in your earlier days of authorship and your beautiful relationship with dear Mrs. Howitt, I trust you are too good a Christian to droop much with the weight of years, and that you still enjoy a good degree of health and courage.

I used to hope that I might welcome you to our shores, but as I have heard nothing from you for so long a time, I fear you have quite abandoned the idea of ever coming here. Have I not heard of some of your family or your brother's being settled in this country? Did not a daughter of a brother of yours marry a Philadelphian, a Mr. Yarnall? I think I have heard somewhat to this effect. Your sons and daughter, or daughters, are now of full mature years, as well as mine, and with such parents as you and Mrs. Howitt I hesitate not to say your offspring are of superior characteristics. Should any of them ever reach this country I hope they will come and see me.

My home is in the country. I have fifty-three acres, the produce of which is small, but with a small income beside I have been able to rear my family and possess a good share of leisure for literary and rural pursuits.

My parents and ancestors for several generations were of the Society of Friends, who settled here some two hundred years ago. Is my name

known to you at all in England? I have in vain sought for the home of my fathers in old England. My mother's family name is Thornton, other names in my family are, Russell, Howland, Read, &c. My wife is of Pilgrim stock and was born in Plymouth, where the Pilgrims landed in 1620. My children then are a mixture of Quaker and Pilgrim, and they evince oftentimes the peculiarities of both, particularly in conscientiousness and the love of simplicity of life which mark the true Friends. In my religious faith, if I may speak of that to which I have so little claim, I hold to the cardinal truths of Christianity as professed by the early founders of the Friends, and believe them to have been orthodox and evangelical. I believe in the supernatural agency of the Christian religion, but am no sectarian, and I trust no bigot. Whatever is good in itself is welcome to me from whatever faith it may come. But I did not intend to enter upon this subject, and will now leave it.

Your Australian experiences must be a constant source of interest to you and your sons. How bravely and well you all bore the toil and hardships of your exile. Keep to dear old England, my dear friends, where you have so many advantages, particularly of climate and established customs, though attended with many evils, yet on the whole, there is no better home for honest, industrious and intelligent people. In this oldest settled part of New England where I live, we have many of the same advantages of a thoroughly ameliorated country, one redeemed from bar-

barism, in well tilled and drained lands, good roads and conveniences for home and travel abroad—Schools, Lyceums, Churches, exhibitions of art, entertainments for old and young, &c., &c.

Our skies are undoubtedly clearer than yours, but the extremes of heat and cold much greater, although just here where I live near the sea coast, our winters and summers are a good deal modified. We have meadow larks singing occasionally through the winter, and pansies in bloom frequently in warm places in Dec. and later, though no native flowers after Nov. Our resources in the fields of Natural history are very great, and the number of our song birds and beautiful wild plants afford ample resources of profit and amusement to the lovers of rural life.

My place is about three miles from New Bedford, a city rejoicing in some 20,000 inhabitants and with a Quaker Mayor. Our neighborhood is decidedly rural, and picturesque, though we have no mountains or even high hills, but an agreeable variety of landscape, and a considerable river about one-quarter of a mile from my house.

I am but a plain, retired man, more at home in woods and fields, than in the haunts of men. I have lately passed my fiftieth year, and have lived long enough to learn that a good conscience is of more value than wealth or fame. My present aim is to obtain that good report.

Wishing you and yours every temporal and eternal blessing, I remain in the bonds of Christian love,

Your faithful friend,

WM. HOWITT, ESQ.

DAN'L RICKETSON.

P. S. I must add a few words relative to our war, not that I suppose you and Mrs. Howitt, whom we have always ranked among our Anti-Slavery friends, need any light upon the real ground and character of the existing rebellion, but that upon the word of an "old organization," "Garrison Abolitionist" if you please, you may rely, that Slavery, and Slavery alone, is the cause of this bloody strife. Thousands even here at the North, those who are suffering bitterly too from the war, and many still, among the officers of the army as well as the common soldiers, are utterly ignorant as to the great principles involved in the contest—a contest between freedom and oppression. But the eyes of thousands have been opened, and sentiments which a few years ago would have subjected the speaker to insult are now heard from almost every pulpit and rostrum in New England and the North and West. Among the most loyal supporters of the Government of the U. S. are to be found the Abolitionists, not that we are entirely satisfied with the course of our President, who is by no means a pioneer in freedom, but that we believe him to be honest and true to his convictions, and that he leans more and more to the right side, therefore we feel it to be our duty to stand by him so long as he stands by the cause of freedom, and we hope to live to see ere long, the entire abolition of Slavery in our land, and the establishment of a Christian Commonwealth or something approaching thereunto.

Although strange things have been revealed to

us in the antagonistic spirit of some of your most learned and prominent men, such as those veterans, Lord John Russell, and (“tell it not in Gath’’) that once defender of the oppressed, Henry, now Lord Brougham. Many of us still believe that the heart of Old England is sound at the core, and with such good and enlightened friends of our cause as you, John Bright, George Thomson, and Foster the Member of Parliament from Bradford, we will not despair. We have all the best and most enlightened in our land with us, our poets, our scholars and our best preachers heartily unite in the great and good cause.

Wait a little and light I trust will break upon the old eastern world. Peace-man though I am, I feel that this is a battle for humanity the world over; no wonder then that tyranny every where winces and opposes. But God is stronger than man, and justice must prevail. Pages would not suffice to express my feelings in this great and painful, though hopeful conflict.

Adieu,

D. R.

THE ORCHARD,

ESHER, SURREY, Aug. 17, 1869.

DEAR MR. RICKETSON,—Your very kind letter addressed to my dear brother Richard and dated July 7, came duly into my hands. Probably you may have wondered that he has not yet replied to it, but some months before the arrival of your very friendly communication, he had passed the narrow gate which leads to life eternal. He

departed this life in February last, at Edingly, near Southwell in Nottinghamshire. You wish him in your letter "a kind heaven's best blessings;" he has received it in the invitation to heaven itself. My dear brother's life and principles had prepared him for the advancement to a higher life. He was like me, a spiritualist and the knowledge therein derived had taken away all the terrors of death, and made easy that transition which to the mere lover of this material existence is commonly so hard.

Your letter, had it reached his hands, would have given him the greatest satisfaction. He loved poetry, and the approbation of his writings by the wise and good was especially dear and cheering to him. His life was a poem, the poetry of peace, nature and independence. He was at once of a most genial, sociable and retiring nature. Had he been ambitious and pushed himself forward amongst those who dispense fame, rightly or wrongly, he would have made a great reputation. There was a quiet but keen humor and wit, and a subtle sense of these qualities in him which made his society most attractive and attaching to all who enjoyed it. But he chose the path of a retired life in the country amongst the reminiscences of his youth and disdained those arts by which literary men in England are too commonly lifted into notoriety. He made one adventurous step, a visit to the Antipodes, but this was through the attraction of the company of our youngest brother who went out to settle there, and who there remains. For the sensitive poetic nature,

sensitive of moral depravity as of the rudeness of men pursuing only the accumulation of wealth by reckless and unscrupulous speculation, he soon returned with those "Impressions of Australia" to which you refer; bought a farm near Sherwood Forest, now enclosed, and there lived and died at the age of about 70.

Our eldest daughter, Mrs. Alfred Watts, author of "The Art-Student in Munich," etc., who, with her other sister Margaret, author of "Twelve Months with Miss Bremer," are the executrices of their uncle, intends to write to you with this and to send you a photograph of him taken in his latter years, and also a copy of his last volume of poems, with the singular title "Wasps' Honey."

We are glad that you still remember us with so much kindness. We have now about three years left Highgate, to which address you sent your letter, and have come a little farther out of the throng of the Great Babel. We are about half an hour from London by rail, very near Claremont, which you may remember as connected with the death of the Princess Charlotte. Mrs. Howitt and our younger daughter are now from hence, or they would send their most cordial greetings. They are making a little tour amongst our native scenes and our relatives, and in about 10 days I am intending to join them in North Wales for a few weeks. Our daughter Margaret has recently returned from a very charming trip to Egypt, Palestine, Constantinople, Athens, etc.

You are good enough to say that you once

hoped to see me in the United States. I saw it stated in American newspapers when I was in Australia, that I was returning by America; but the only part of America that I expected to see, or did see, was Rio Janeiro, where we spent some very pleasant days. When one has reached the age of 76 and been once round the world, one is pretty well content to stay at home. Though we have no likelihood of seeing the United States, we often see Americans, hear occasional pleasant tidings of kindred souls there, amongst which there are none that we are more glad to have a word of brotherly cheer from than yourself.

Wishing you every blessing, I remain, dear Mr. Ricketson,

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM HOWITT.

DANIEL RICKETSON, ESQ.

119 LANSDOWNE ROAD,

KENSINGTON PARK, W. LONDON, April 2, '70.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I write this from my daughter, Mrs. Watts's, as we have left our own abode for 12 months.

In a few days we set out, myself, Mrs. Howitt and our younger daughter for Lucerne in Switzerland, in which neighborhood we propose to spend the spring months, and then proceed to Italy, where, if all be well, we think of wintering before we return home.

I have now received your "Autumn Sheaf" and can only regret that you have had so much trouble and expense about it. We have read it

with very great pleasure. It contains many subjects of interest to us. "The Old Friends' Meeting House" and similar poems remind us that we were educated in the same faith, and we see many results of that faith in different forms. The sound, sterling sense throughout, the attachment to the great principles of peace, purity and freedom, and the love of Nature, are all evidences of the moral life arising out of a Quaker training. It would more than fill my sheet to enumerate all the different attractions of your volume, which is at once English and American. The birds and flowers and varied sounds and sights of your landscape have a novelty and yet a resemblance to something here. We thank you sincerely for the book.

Mrs. Watts is intending to send you my brother Richard's Memoir as soon as she has the whole complete. It is now printing. She also desires me to thank you for your photograph, which she much values.

With the united very kind regards of Mrs. Howitt, Mrs. Watts and myself, I remain, my dear friend,

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM HOWITT.

DANIEL RICKETSON, ESQ.

THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE.

Ay! there it stands, a melancholy pile,

A rude memorial of olden days,

Yet here the cheering sunbeams sweetly smile,

And the old roof receives their parting rays.

'Tis sad to think of those who gathered there,
And humbly knelt before their God in prayer.

For scarcely one of that old race remains
To tell the tale so sad, and yet so dear,
When health and pleasure filled their youthful veins,
As fell the good man's words upon their ear;
And he hath gone unto the blessed land,
To join in praises with the holy band.

But memory fondly brings his worth to mind,
And loves to linger round the honored sage,
For he was crowned with gifts we rarely find,
And well could teach the great inspired page.
A faithful marble tells his place of rest,
And the tall grass waves o'er his reverent breast.

And that old graveyard, with its tumbling stones,
That stays the traveller on his weary way,
Who reads the lines above the mouldering bones,
And feels 'tis good in these lone haunts to stay—
If any place could rouse the soul in prayer,
It must be here, where worship fills the air.

And there is one, a neat and lonely grave,
That seems to throw a holy calm around:
The tale is short, and would no notice crave;
"Almira," only, marks the lowly mound:
Who could not drop a tributary tear,
Where fond affection's ties are seen so clear?

If thou from earthly ills thy thoughts wouldst wean,
And teach thy soul to muse on holy things,
Come here when twilight steals upon the scene,
And feel thy spirit borne on seraph wings;
For such repose pervades the spot around,
That thou wouldst seem to tread on holy ground.

No jar is here, with which the earth is rife,
No pomp of pride to wound thy troubled breast,
Nor vain ambition, jealousy, or strife,
Shall reach thee in this place of peaceful rest.
Here let me often, from the world away,
Steal a calm hour to muse at setting day.
1837.

119 LANSDOWNE ROAD,
NOTTING HILL, W. LONDON, August 3d, '69.

MY DEAR SIR,—We have all of us read your letter addressed to my late Uncle Richard Howitt, with our hearts much touched by your kind words and genuine sympathy. We know how much pleasure your letter would have given to a sensitive Poet's heart, had it but arrived a few months earlier.

Richard Howitt breathed his last painlessly in a fainting fit last February shortly before attaining his 70th birthday. My sister attended him in his last illness and placed around his beautiful, venerable head as it lay in its coffin, bunches of his favorite flowers, purple violets, and at his feet a bunch of for-get-me-nots as a symbol that his foot-steps on earth shall not be forgotten. We saw him laid to rest, or we should more properly say—his mortal remains laid to rest in the burial ground of the Friends at Mansfield, where his grave is amidst those of his early friends and kindred, shaded by a group of trees which he loved. A calmer, more peaceful departure to the true life could not have been granted to a gentler, more loving, more truly poetic spirit. His loss

has made earth much poorer, Heaven much richer to us.

Your letter would have given him true pleasure. Leading a peculiarly retired life in an out-of-the-world country-place, and but rarely coming before the public, signs of recognition and sympathy were especially dear to him. His sympathies with his kind were very strong and he retained the affectionate heart and warm feelings of youth into his old age. Poetry was the joy of his life, his comfort and delight under every experience. He was a born poet, if ever there were one. Keenly appreciative of all poetical excellence in others, whether they were poets ancient or modern, the poetical idols of his youth or the Jean Ingelows and Adelaide Proctors of the present generation, he was ready to open his heart to all true excellence, utterly devoid of any approach to jealousy, and thus was ever increasing his knowledge of poetry. Wordsworth, Crabbe, Tennyson and Longfellow were his chief favorites amongst the moderns, and he may almost be said to have peopled the solitude in which he lived with their ideas, as well as with his own beautiful and quaint fancies, which were forever welling up out of his Poet's Heart.

He printed a little volume about two years since, which can scarcely however be said to have been published, containing a few poems from his earlier volumes, together with later poems, some of which we think very charming. We shall have the pleasure of presenting you with a copy if you will kindly accept it. I regret

that the getting up should be inferior to its contents. Also we beg your acceptance of a photograph taken about three years previous to our dear Uncle's death. It will give you a good idea of his mild countenance with its dreamy poet's eyes and his very spare frame.

As my father has said, my Uncle after his return from Australia settled in Nottinghamshire on the borders of which used to be until within a very few years, Sherwood Forest (of Robin Hood memory) and there lived on a little farm. He never married. He divided his time between agriculture and poetry—poetry indeed being a luminous cloud which surrounded him at all times, and wandering about his fields his poems were matured and hummed over to himself.

He was much beloved by his neighbors, especially the poor for whom he was always ready to come forward as a protector or champion. He took no decided interest in politics, but his whole nature was progressive and leaning towards liberty.

I must now conclude begging you to accept my best thanks for all your friendly expressions of sympathy with and interest in our family, and believe me, my dear Sir,

Sincerely yours,

ANNA MARY HOWITT WATTS.

119 LANSDOWNE ROAD,

KENSINGTON PARK, LONDON, W., August —, 1871.

DEAR MR. RICKETSON,—I have carried your letter with me into very beautiful and interesting

places in Wales and in the South of England on two country visits this spring and summer, intending and fully hoping, there to find a quiet hour for a pen and ink chat with you in return for your very interesting letter received in the early part of the year.

The many letters which I always have to write, especially now my beloved parents are abroad, and I thus have much of their correspondence and proofs to attend to, however, seemed each day to absorb the time, and thus your letter still lay upon my table unanswered on our return home. However, I must let no more time elapse in writing to you, otherwise a volume of my father's Anti-War Poem will reach you from him unannounced. I sent it off to you a few days ago through Mr. Trubner the Publisher, to be enclosed in one of his parcels, and have begged him if possible to so arrange that it may reach your hands free of cost. I should have earlier sent it to you had I found an opportunity of doing so. With this I enclose a list of notices of the volume which I omitted to gum into the book. I feel sure that there is much of the contents after your own heart. The shorter poems I confess are my own favourites although the longer poem expresses most fully and fervently sentiments to which we all say "amen"—but as little works of art the shorter poems are to me most charming. I feel sure that the "Great Dishonored Name," "Nicholas of the Rock" with "Longing for Rest" must speak eloquently to many hearts. The volume I regret to say, running counter as it does to popu-

lar feeling in England, which I also regret is very warlike and very Anti-Christian—that is to say public feeling as expressed by the Press—has, we think, been very unfairly dealt with, but it will doubtless find in time its own audience amongst pure and simple hearts who can still read Cowper and the earlier Christian poets with delight and profit.

Thank you very much for your very characteristic portrait of yourself so kindly sent in your last letter, and which we are much pleased to have. It is placed in honourable companionship in our Carte-de-Visite Album, and the other day in it was recognized instantly by an acquaintance of ours, Miss May Alcott, whom we have known this summer through her and her sister having frequently met my parents and sister in Rome. It was quite pleasant to me to hear about you all from Miss May Alcott. Mr. Alcott was a very great friend of very great friends of ours here in England, thus he seems to have found the personal link with yourself, which some way or other is usually found to exist after all between people of the same sphere of thought, making one feel that after all the world is not so very wide.

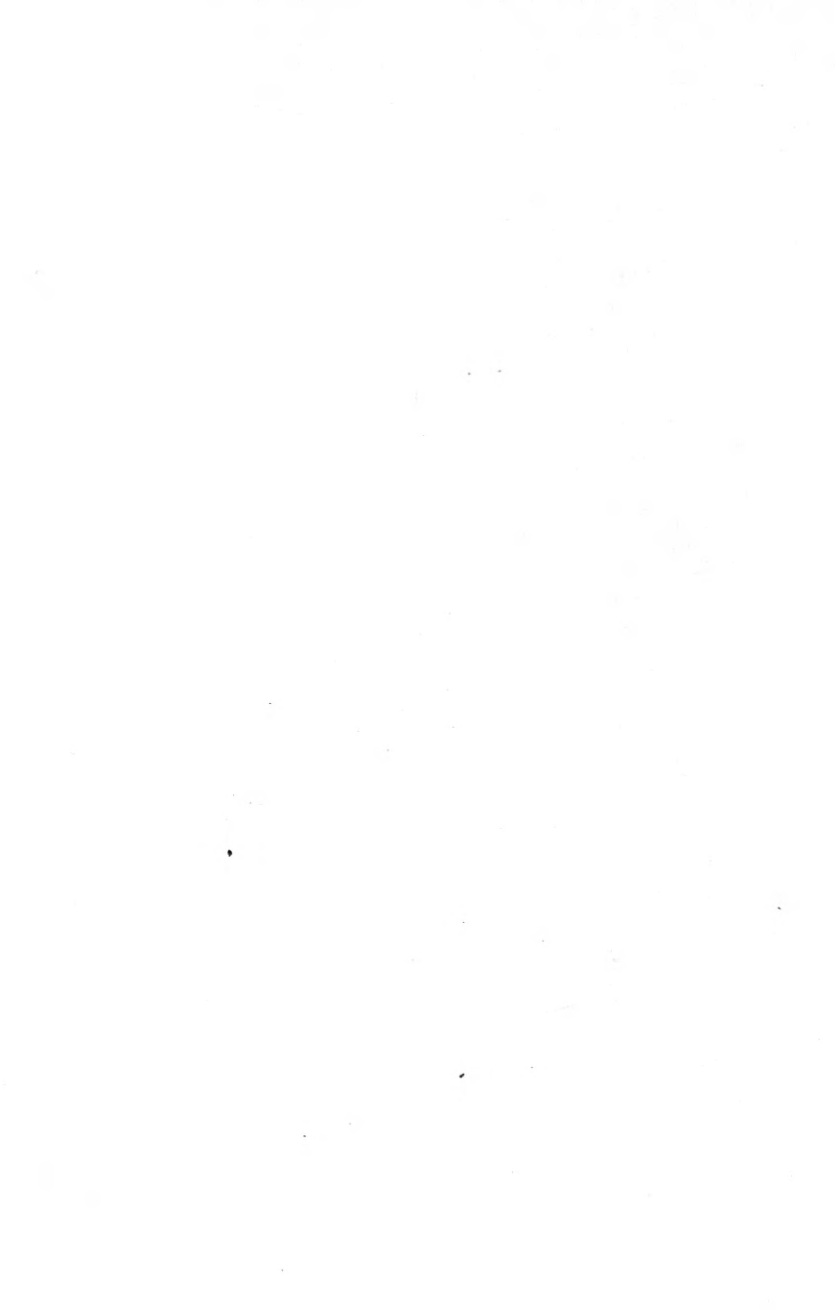
As you so kindly take an interest in my parents, I am thankful to tell you that they are well and happy amidst the beautiful scenery of the Tyrol. They have been since June living in an ancient house at Dietenheim near Bruneck, not far from what is called the “Dolomite Region,” and can at a short distance from their house catch glimpses of these strange, grand mountains with their sharp,

pyramidal peaks towering up above and amidst the nearer mountain ranges. This house in which they are living for the summer belongs now to a wealthy Tyrolese Peasant-Proprietor, and has been in his family for the last hundred years, though originally an ancient baronial residence. It is covered on the outside with quaint fresco painting and the stately rooms within, though somewhat bare of furniture, are graced by faded gilding and the shadowy remains of ancient Arabesque ornamentation; whilst the height of the grand old windows, and a private chapel opening into the spacious hall, retain their air of state and baronial importance.

The people, as yet uncorrupted by concourse of visitors which railroads bring in due time, are still simple and childlike in their mind and manners, extremely pious in their Catholic piety and blessed with all material comforts. My father, in one of his last letters, speaks of this portion of the Tyrol as reminding him much of what old-fashioned England must have been. The descriptions in my dear ones' letters both of these handsome mountaineers, with their flocks and herds, and their rich pasture lands high up amongst the mountains and their wealth of corn in the valleys, as well as of their own simple nature-loving and seeking lives; with their collecting of flowers, their excursions up the mountains, their milk and coffee-drinking at lonely chalets, and with their crowds of birds which fearless of nets or guns, much to my parents delight, surround the old mansion and are fed by

them and become individually known to them as humble and very grateful friends—read altogether like a series of fresh, lovely Idyls. But I must pause lest I should weary you.

I must, however, tell you that on the 16th of last April, my dear parents, by God's blessing celebrated, or rather had celebrated for them by their friends, their Golden Wedding Day. A more lovely festival surely was seldom vouchsafed to mortals. The day before the important one, various good friends, Americans amongst the number whose names will be forever for their love of my dear ones, enshrined most tenderly in my heart—arranged an excursion to the Ancient Port of Ostia at the mouth of the Tiber. There they, my parents, had their first view of the Mediterranean, and then entered the wonderful ancient pine woods belonging to the Castel Fusano, a strange old castellated place, crowned by stone figures of warriors as if standing guard, originally erected to alarm the Pirates in the olden time. In these woods they pic-nicked and were very happy, returning home with heaps of beautiful wild flowers. The Wedding Day that followed was indeed a day of flowers. Lovely flowers of every kind and color and exquisitely arranged in baskets of wet moss, with wreathed handles, a flower arrangement I believe peculiar to Rome, were sent by all their friends, and there also arrived a huge bouquet, one of the enormous Wedding bouquets peculiar also to Italy—one mass of purely white flowers, the centre orange-flowers, surrounded by a gilded





wreath of bay. This bouquet, prepared by the daughter of a friend of ours in Rome, arrived as a great surprise to represent my husband and myself and my brother and his wife in Anagnina, my father offering on this to us all, memorable day. I need not add how much I wished that we could have been present in person on the occasion. In regard I was obliged.

I find that nearly a year ago I laid aside for you a *carta di lettera* myself to send you if you would kindly accept it. It was taken, you will see by the date on the back, as well as judging by the style of dress, some years ago. It happens to be the only one that I have, but now an impression of it will help to make us somewhat better acquainted. I will endeavour to procure for you a copy of a *carta* of my parents taken together, which we would like, if you would, in mentioning the occasion, which you know of them, speak of as one of them, *carta di lettera*.

I am going sincerely that this may find you and yours in good health, with every cordial good wish I beg to remain, my dear sir,

Yours sincerely,

A. M. H. Wiers.

TRANSLATION OF LETTERS

London, Sept. 16, 1841

Dear friend, You will doubtless be surprised to receive a letter from one, whose name you have not forgotten, but may very probably have supposed forgotten, no more. This word, I reply, however, to your indignation, and to me, affecting



wreath of bay. This bouquet, prepared by the directions of a friend of ours in Rome, arrived as a great surprise to represent my husband and myself and my brother and his wife in Australia, our little offering on this, to us all, memorable day. I need not add how much I wished that we could have been present in person on the occasion. In spirit I was there!

I find that months ago I laid aside for you a *carte-de-visite* of myself to send you if you will kindly accept it. It was taken, you will see by the date on the back, as well as judging by the style of dress, some years ago. It happens to be the only one that I have just now an impression of, but it may help to make us somewhat better acquainted. I shall endeavour to procure for you a *carte-de-visite* of my parents taken together, which we much like, as you do not, in mentioning the portraits which you have of them, speak of possessing of them, *cartes-de-visite*.

Hoping sincerely that this may find you and yours in good health, with every cordial good wish, I beg to remain, my dear sir,

Yours sincerely,

A. M. H. WATTS.

DIETENHEIM BY BRUNECK,

TYROL, Sept. 17, 1884.

DEAR FRIEND,—You will doubtless be surprised to receive a letter from me, whose name you have not forgotten, but may very probably have supposed belonged no more to this world. I reply, however, to your interesting, and to me affecting

letter, which was addressed on the 15th of last June to my beloved eldest daughter, I forwarded to her from London by her husband.

It was read with much pleasure by her, and by me and my younger daughter Margaret—for your name and the very friendly spirit of your former letters, which date back into by-gone years, was well known and esteemed by us. Your letter would have been replied to by my dear daughter had such been the will of her Heavenly Father. But you have most probably seen by some of your papers, if not by some of ours, that scarcely more than a month after the date of your letter she was suddenly removed to the other life, to our unspeakable grief. She had come to us at the beginning of May for a visit of about three months, almost two of which were most happily spent by her with us at Meran, about forty miles from this place, where the climate being wonderfully genial and suited to the well-being of the aged, my younger daughter, after the death of her father, when I found myself unable to undertake the long journey twice in the year to and from Rome (our summers now for fourteen years having been spent at this place) purchased a small piece of land and built a very pleasant, small villa, which is now our home.

Our dear Anna spent there, as I have said, about two months of her visit, then came on with us here, this being a very favorite place with her. She had frequently been here with us in former summers, and whether she or her dear father loved this place best, it is impossible to say, so

that her visit here again was a great happiness to her. But inscrutable are the Divine plans—suddenly, I believe owing to a chill from a cold north wind, after a day of great heat, she was taken ill with what developed into diphtheria, and in three days she passed away! As the disease was pronounced virulent diphtheria and the Austrian authorities are very strict with regard to contagion, she was not allowed to be removed elsewhere, and that same evening in the sweet twilight was borne with all the respect and love and honor which the friendly village could pay her and was laid in the little graveyard or Fridhos of the Church, Catholic of course, but her husband has felt no objection. She was well known and loved, so was her father, so are we, therefore she was laid to rest amongst them, and flowers lie ever on the grave, and the poor people stop to kneel and say their prayers, or pray for the repose of her soul as they pass. It was all so hurried and the end so unlooked for that the first intimation of her illness to her husband was followed by a telegram telling of her death. He arrived three days after her burial. Dear friend, I will tell you no more. It was on the 23rd of July that she passed away.

One little circumstance I may mention which may be thought to unite her again with her dear father in this life:—almost within sight of her last resting place now stands a granite seat on a hill at the foot of the mountains behind the old house which we inhabited, erected by a dear friend of ours to the memory of her father, and

so it is inscribed, for he loved the place. Trees are planted round it and a little space inclosed so that the name of Howitt will not be forgotten here. To this seat strangers and lovers of the beautiful in nature come to witness the splendid illumination of a bare group of dolomite peaks, which closes the end of the valley, from the after-glow of the sunset which is reflected upon them till they are kindled like living metal.

But I have said enough on this sorrowful subject. My son-in-law, Alfred Watts, was much gratified by your appreciation of his labor of filial love. The work was very nicely done, and well deserved the kindly appreciation which it met with.

Your letter, dear friend, rather disappointed my daughter Margaret and myself, as there is no mention in it of your good son Walton. One is almost afraid of asking after those of whom one has not heard for long, but he is not forgotten by us, and please, if he be still with you, remember us very kindly to him. His cleverly made boot-jack still remains as a proof of his wonderful kindness, skill and taste.

Accept the most friendly greetings and farewells from my daughter and myself, and believe me, dear friend, Yours sincerely,

MARY HOWITT.

BROOKLAWN,

NEAR NEW BEDFORD, MASS., Jan. 15th, 1869.

REV. WM. BARNES,

MY DEAR SIR,—Permit me across the broad Atlantic to extend to you the hand of friendly

recognition as a poet, and to thank you for the pleasure I have received in reading your poems, particularly the last little volume, published with pretty illustrations, by Roberts Brothers, Boston, Mass. These poems appear to me to possess much merit for their simplicity and beauty, and several of them are deeply pathetic. As you wish to be simple in your versification, there appears no want of power, but rather the subjection of Pegasus to the hand of a skillful rider.

I have also read with pleasure your former poems in the Dorset dialect, entitled "Whomely Rhymes," the second collection, not having seen the first. I perceive that poetry is not your only vocation, but that you have been engaged in what the world terms more severe literary labor—and the titles of Rev'd and B. D. explain to us your more immediate employments, and that you count the Muses only as a recreation from severer studies.

I too am a lover of Nature and am a homely versifier, and now verging fast on to old age, I am about publishing a collection of my poems entitled THE AUTUMN SHEAF, with the following as a Proem:

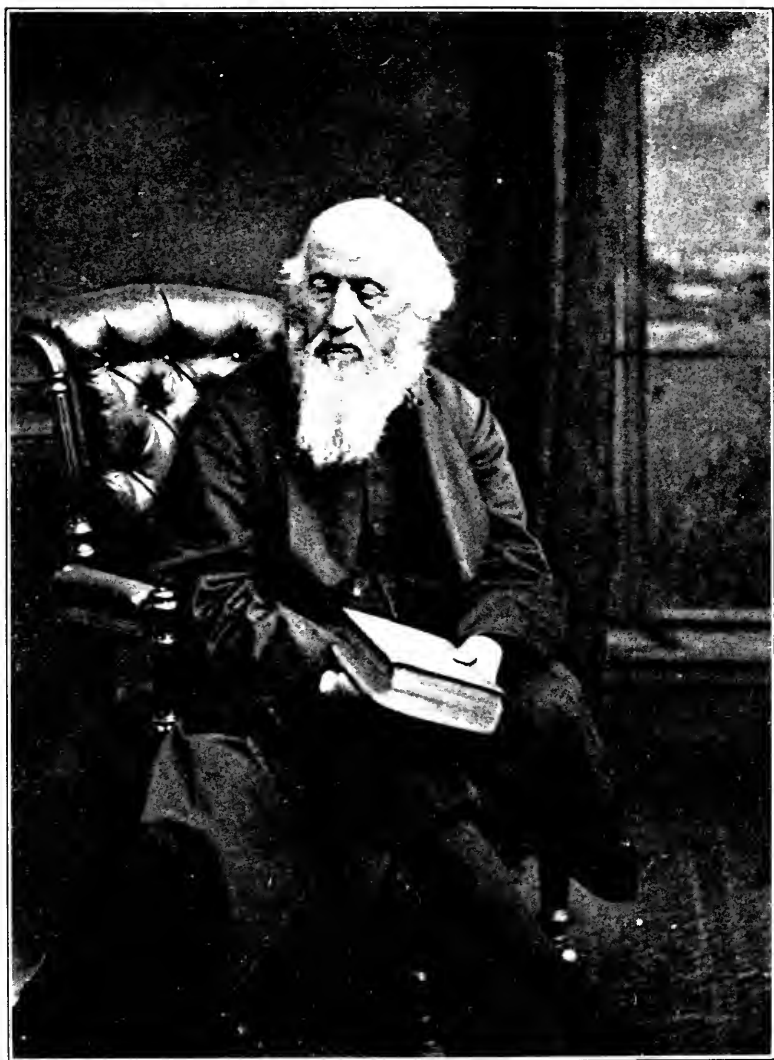
Now in the waning years of life,
 When Autumn crowns my lengthened days,
 Apart from every earthly strife,
 And seeking only wisdom's ways,
 I gather up from far and near,
 The products of my joy and grief,
 And part in hope, and part in fear,
 Have bound them in an Autumn Sheaf.

The literature of Old England is ours also; and in past days we had no other; but we now have one of our own—our men of genius in the various departments of *belles-lettres* are fast gaining ground upon yours, and Old England must look to her laurels, unless she have them taken by her erewhile bantling, New England. Our Channing, Emerson, Prescott, Thoreau, Parker, and many more in prose, and our Bryant, Whittier, Longfellow, and others in poetry, are compeers with your Macaulay, Carlyle, Hazlitt, DeQuincey, Tennyson, Browning, &c.

The Anglo-Saxon has been greatly modified by our climate, and our institutions, and a new phase of the race has been produced. There appears more intensity in our people; but perhaps less strength and endurance to sustain a long and lofty flight than yours. It will be a long time, I fancy, ere we produce a Shakespeare or Milton—though our Franklin may well compare with Newton, and our Maria Mitchell with Mrs. Somerville. But enough of this comparison. I hope they will not prove according to the old adage, “odious.”

“You and I love Nature in her simplicity, love the rural walk or ramble, love quiet hours, and a calm social intercourse, while over all else, we trust in the goodness, and mercy of our God and Savior. From the sweet religion of Jesus, the well-springs of Old English verse, and the sacred haunts of poesy, both ancient and modern, let us seek a serene old age.

I beg you therefore to accept these few and



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Rev. William Barnes

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hasty words of greeting, though from a far off friend and brother, in the bonds of Christian love and good fellowship.

Yours gratefully,

DAN'L RICKETSON.

RECTORY, WINTERBORNE CAME,
DORCHESTER, DORSET, Feb. 7, 1869.

DAN'L RICKETSON, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,—The friendly hand which you hold out to me with your kind and good letter, I take with the best feelings of a threefold fellowship: that of brotherhood in song, and in race and in our holy faith, and “a threefold cord is not quickly broken.” (Ecclesiastes IV:12.)

I am happy to find that my homely poems win approving readers, and among them a poet in the great New England of the West. Poetry has, to me, been a solace, for like other men I have had, with many blessings, times of struggling and sorrow.

Without doubt America will have her mind-stars of glory, and a literature and an art, the offspring of her own state life; but I hope Americans will always look kindly to the old land and their father stock, “unto the rock whence they are hewn and the quarry whence they are digged.” (Isai. LI:1.)

The old town of Dorchester, in the outskirts of which I am writing, has a daughter town in America, Dorchester, Mass., near I believe, to Boston; and I think it likely that your Channing was sprung from the Channings till lately represented in our Dorchester by men of the name.

“*Ex ungue leonem*”—I think from the proem of your Autumn Sheaf that it will yield a fine sample of golden grain.

I am, my dear sir, with kindest feelings,

Yours very truly,

WM. BARNES.

Rectory of Winterborne Came.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., March 18th, 1869.

REV. WM. BARNES.

DEAR, AND RESPECTED SIR,—Your very timely and welcome letter of the 7th ult. reached me at my retired home, “Brooklawn,” about three miles from our small city New Bedford, in about two weeks after it left your “Rectory,” and I could almost feel the warm glow of your hand in mine on taking it. You do not invite me to write you again, and I almost fear I may trespass upon your kindness and good nature in so doing; but I find so much congeniality of temperament and taste in your sweet poems that I am induced to exceed a little, that which strict courtesy would perhaps not allow, trusting you will pardon me if I have overstepped the mark.

I have been searching in a short history of Dorsetshire in an old work entitled “The Beauties of England and Wales,” for your residence. I find, however, but little more than the name of your village given as “Winterbourne Herringstone.”

I should be glad to hear from you a little more about your place, the scenery, names of objects of interest, your climate particularly, the extremes

of heat and cold, about what time your winter commences, and how early does spring appear; the character of the weather at the different seasons of the year; the commencement of the songs of birds in spring, and the blooming of your earliest flowers with their names. Tell this, and anything more you may be pleased to write me will interest me, and I shall be happy to send you like information from my own field of observation in return—thus we may mutually benefit each other. I should be glad also to learn anything about yourself that you may like to give me:—with Terence—“*Homo sum—humani nihil à me alienum puto.*”

I have always been a lover of our fatherland, and was nursed in her literature, her poets, philosophers, moralists, essayists and philanthropists were household words in my boyhood's home. The names of Milton, Shakespeare, Addison and Johnson, Howard, Wilberforce and Clarkson, with the whole range of lesser luminaries are as familiar here in New England as in Old. Cowper has been the favorite of my youth and age. I have grown of late years to admire Wordsworth, but the more modern poets of England, with the exception of Tennyson, I am not familiar with.

I have read *con amore* everything I could obtain relative to the so-called “lake poets,” who appear to be confined to Wordsworth, Southey and Coleridge. The two former having been the only permanent residents—the bards of Rydal Mount and Keswick. Cowper's Task has ever been my

Vade Mecum, and his letters are sacred and precious to my soul's best impulses, together with the poem. His poems in rhyme, (his longer ones I mean,) although excellent, have never interested me as much; and his translation of Homer, although probably an advantage to his mind and body in their precarious state, I have always felt was done at the sacrifice of original composition, which would undoubtedly have been of far more value to his readers. A saint in heaven he now doubtless is.

I wish you and I were neighbors, what grand times we would have together in rural rambles and talks upon our favorite themes. Although quite a lonely man outside of my own immediate family, I am not unsocial, and fully believe in good fellowship, regulated of course, by all that is good and excellent of Heaven and earth. But I am running on *currente calamo* as though you and I had an acquaintance of years. Pardon me if I am too free. But you have so laid your heart before the world in your poetic sketches, that you must not wonder at any response from a congenial spirit.

Had it been my good fortune to have known you earlier, I should be glad to dedicate my forthcoming volume of poems to you. But you are certainly included in the following dedication written, as the date shows, nearly thirty years ago.

“Whoso that loves in lonely paths to stray,
For whom the Muses lend their kindest aid,
Who shuns the glitter of the noontide ray,

Where vows to pride, and vaunting wealth are paid;
Whose soul by Nature's gentler voice is staid:—

“To such my heart would dedicate these strains,
Unmarked by classic lore, or guileful art,
Content to dwell on my own native plains,
And wake the friendship of some kindred heart,
That seeks to draw from life its better part.”

1840.

So you see my aims are not high, and my fall will be less, should it happen. I have taken the liberty to address a few appreciative lines to you near the close of my volume. I want to send you a copy as soon as I receive my books. Perhaps I can do so through your publisher, Mr. J. Russell Smith.

Hoping you are well, in the bonds of Christian love and good fellowship, I remain,

Yours affect'y,

DAN'L RICKETSON.

CAME RECTORY,

DORCHESTER, DORSET, 12th April, 1869.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your kind letter and offer of a copy of your book which of course I should like to see. Your letter, which left New Bedford on the 19th of March, reached Dorchester on the 1st of April.

Winterborne Herrington, which you found in the “Beauties of England, &c,” is a hamlet in my parish. There is a small stream through our valley called the “Winterborne” or “Winterbrook” as it runs only in the winter, and a string of villages on it are called, for one of their names,

Winterbornes. Our lower land is meadow and the upper ground is of sheepdowns or corn ground on a chalk soil.

Dorchester is on the pretty little river, the Frome, which reaches the sea beyond Wareham, an old town of great note in the Saxon-English times. If you ever go to Dorchester (Mass.) you may find I think in the town library a copy of the old edition of Hutchins's History of Dorset, which was given to the town by a friend of mine, a former mayor of our Dorchester.

Our climate is mild, our southwest and west winds are moist as coming over the Atlantic, and our east wind is cold. Our spring begins at the latter end of March, which is mostly a time of dry bracing wind, and our winter begins in November, usually a windy and rainy month. May is a charming month in which our dry downs are colored with sheets as it were of silver and gold in daisies and buttercups. June is our hay month.

We are rich in wild flowers. The snowdrop comes up in January, daffodils are now going off, and primroses are now coming into full bloom and will soon be followed by cowslips and anemones or windflowers. On the Frome in May will bloom in snow white patches the water crowfoot or water ranunculus, a charming sight with the water tinted blue from the sky, as it is given in my little poem "White and Blue." The river Stour bears the yellow water lily, *nuphar lutea*, which we call the clôte. Our hedges, as the summer goes on, are tinted with the blossom of the blackthorn,

whitethorn, honeysuckle, wild rose and briony, goosegrass and other plants.

I am now amid the chirping of birds such as the blackbird, thrush and sparrow. The lark will soon be soaring in song over our heads, and the rooks have nearly built their nests in the clusters of elms.

We have within three miles of us "Maiden Castle" so-called, one of the finest British earth-works in England, and Dorchester was a Roman Castra.

I remain, dear sir,

Very kindly yours,

WM. BARNES.

TO DAN'L RICKETSON, ESQ.,

New Bedford, Mass.

15th April—The cuckoo was first heard here yesterday.

W. B.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., May 9th, 1869.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—(For such I trust you will permit me to call you.) Your valued and very kind letter of the 12th ult., postmarked Dorchester, April 15th, reached me on May 1st. I have read it over several times, and find much interest in your account of the localities and other objects of interest in your neighborhood.

I am very fond of rambling about my own neighborhood, and often meet with pleasant places as well as interesting people among the farmers and others of the laboring classes. It is very pleasant to receive a letter from a living witness like yourself, so redolent of the beauties

of Nature. I shall ever feel an interest in the Frome, the Stour, and even in the Winterborne, although but a "Winter-brook."

You have the advantage of us in an early spring as well as a milder winter than we in New England, although our latitude of forty-one and a half degrees north, about that of Madrid, Spain, would appear to insure us a much warmer one. Not so, however, our winters are often very tedious, owing to the great and sudden changes of temperature, sometimes from 20 to 30 degrees in twenty-four hours, and our summers are hotter than yours, though just here near the seacoast in the S. E. corner of Massachusetts, we suffer less than our Boston neighbors from the cold north-east winds of winter and early spring, as well as from the excessive heat of summer—the air often being tempered with us, by the sea breezes. Our skies are, I presume, usually clearer than yours, and we have, of course, far less foggy weather, while more rain falls here annually than at London, our rain falling in drenching showers, and often of several days' continuance. Our finest months are usually May, June, September, October, November, and usually too a part of December. Our autumn is generally the glory of the year for fine clear weather. We know nothing of your "hang-dog" weather even in November. Still I think the climate of old England a more genial one for our race than that of New England, and I have sometimes almost regretted that my lot had not been cast in the dear old Fatherland.

Should I ever go to Dorchester, Mass., I shall look for the old edition of Hutchins's History of Dorset, of which you speak. I find this history among others mentioned in the list of books relating to Dorset in my "Beauties of England and Wales," Vol. IV.

You speak of the snow-drop coming up in January. Henry Kirke White has some lines on the Rosemary, beginning if I remember aright—

"Sweet scented flower, who art wont to bloom
On January's front severe."

Of these we know nothing here, except as cultivated in our gardens. Daffodils are favorites of mine, they have been in bloom with us for some time. Primroses we have not in our neighborhood, nor cowslips. We have, however, plants under these names, and anemones besides, one of our earliest and sweetest wild flowers. There are many plants that came originally from England now perfectly naturalized here, brought over by our ancestors, and introduced in grass seed and otherwise. Our climate is not suited to the growth of the daisy in a wild state. The Tus-silago, coltsfoot, nat. from Europe is quite common here and is now in bloom, flowers yellow. The white water crowfoot is also naturalized in N. E.

Our river the Acushnet (Indian) is often tinted blue from the sky like your own Frome. We have the yellow water lily, *Nuphar Lutea*, and the fragrant white water lily, *Nymphaea Odorata*, growing in great numbers in a little pond upon

my grounds, the roots of which I transplanted from a neighboring pond some fifteen years ago. We have the black-thorn, and the white; the honeysuckle; wild rose, (sweet-brier) and goose-grass, all common and nat. from Europe. We have not the briony to my knowledge, at least not by that name.

And now I come to your birds. Of these we have the names; but with very few exceptions the same bird. We have several species of the blackbird, the finest, the red-winged (the tip of his wings rather) a merry songster in early spring about the first of April. We have several species of the sparrow, and some of them fine songsters. Your lark, "singing at Heaven's gate" we have not to my sorrow. O the English lark! what can atone for the want of this glorious songster? Nor have we the nightingale. But for your daisies and primroses, cowslips, &c., we have a host of beautiful wild flowers spread over our woods and copses, our fields and river-banks, such as the trailing arbutus, *Epigea repens*; blue and white violets; *Anemone nemorosa* or wind flower; the *Uvularia*, *U. Perfoliata* or bellwort; *Arethusa bulbosa*, &c., &c. Our earliest song birds are the song-sparrow, bluebird, robin, *Turdus migratorius*, the thrush, *T. Rufus*; wood thrush, *T. melodioides*; cat bird, *T. Felivox*; Bob-o'-link, *Icterus agripennis*; golden robin, *Icterus Baltimore*, and many more, rich in song and beautiful in plumage. Our birds are said to excel yours in color; but I believe we have none that equal your lark and nightingale, unless the

wood thrush, golden robin and mocking bird, T. *Polyglottus*.

We have no earthworks or old castles and Abbeys. Nature is, however, as old with us as with you, and we have every variety of scenery of mountain, river and cataract.

I have forwarded to you a copy of my "Autumn Sheaf" by mail, as I have no other means of conveyance, my book having been issued from a printing office in New Bedford, and being my own publisher. I greatly fear that you will be disappointed in its literary merits. It is but an humble volume, and as such I trust you will receive it.

I remain, my dear Sir, with increasing admiration for your delightful poems, and respect for yourself,

Yours very truly,

DAN'L RICKETSON.

RECTORY, WINTERBORNE CAME, 11th June, 1869.

DEAR MR. RICKETSON,—Your kind letter was given to me on our lawn on May 26, and there I read it with a laburnum tree in full bloom before me, a pink Maytree showing some blossoms on my left and on my right, rosetrees and syringas bursting into flower, and before me beyond the lawn, were ash, beech and elm.

If you have a greater rainfall than have we, you have, I should think fewer damp days, and I should enjoy your dry-aired and sunny November.

Most likely the ivy does not climb your walls

and trees as freely as it overspreads ours. Have you many kinds of fern, and have you planted the yew in your graveyards as our forefathers have set them in ours?

I thank you much for the copy of your book of good, pure-minded poems, which I can read with pleasure unmarred in the way in which is too often marred, the pleasure afforded me by the works of some of our highranked poets, who, when they have all but finished a charming scene, cast in some ugly touch of malice or mockery. I can trust myself to your poems without any shock to my better feelings, and they are the more interesting as they show how the English man works in a new world of land and life.

I thank you for the honor of the lines addressed to me. They afford me all pleasure but that of feeling that I am fully worthy of them. You have in one of your poems the name of Walden, the name of a householder, a dairyman of this parish.

Yours very truly,

WILLIAM BARNES.

TO WILLIAM BARNES,

AUTHOR OF "RURAL POEMS."

Permit a stranger o'er the Atlantic wave,
 Like thee a lover of calm rural life
 And Nature in her simplest charms arrayed,
 One who loves quiet hours and quiet hearts,
 The simple melodies of wood and field,
 And wild flowers blooming in their snug retreats,
 To welcome thee as with a brother's hand,

And thank thee with the fervor of a heart
 Ever alive to kindly sympathies,
 For thy sweet rural lays, songs of such cheer,
 That to my mind a richer influence lend
 Than stately epics wreathed in mystic lore ;
 For I am but a man, a common man,
 And with the Old Roman poet-slave,
 "Nothing that's human foreign is to me ;"
 And thus the every-day affairs of life,
 The homely joys and sorrows of mankind,
 The haunts of man, his home, his resting-place,
 Are objects of my sympathy and love.
 The common feelings of the human heart,
 The simple ways so sweet of rustic life,
 Its daily struggles, mixed with light and shade,
 The care for God's inferior animals,
 To whom we owe so much, the rural walk
 Mid scenes of pastoral life and beauty,
 Cottages enshrined in vines, bright flowers
 Beside the doorway, and within the home
 Cleanliness and thrift, though of a humble sort,—
 All these, dear bard, and many more such like,
 Thou hast portrayed as with a limner's skill,
 And brought thy Dorset pictures to our eyes,
 So that we feel a dear congenial soul
 Beats in true concord with our grateful hearts.
 A welcome then, though in my humble verse,
 Would I extend to thee, dear fellow-bard,
 And God's best blessings on thy head invoke.

1869.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., U. S. A., July 8th, 1869.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your welcome letter of the
 11th June reached me on the 24th.

I am glad that my humble poems find favor in

your sight. As to yours, I find more and more beauty in them. They are really remarkable, not only for their originality, but for their intrinsic poetic merit. I doubt not they will long survive you, and fill a niche of their own in the temple of the Muses of our dear old Fatherland.

If your publisher, Mr. Smith, would like to get out a small edition of my poems, I should be pleased to have him do so, and could furnish him with some fifty pages more. I will send him a copy if you so advise. I may add that I have found a response from many valued sources since I published my little volume in April last, and I was pleased to receive the note from your friend, the Rev. Mr. Bull of Cane-Abbas, and have written him in the hope to find him an occasional, as well as congenial correspondent. I wonder if he is a relative of Rev. Mr. Bull, the friend of the poet Cowper? I think, however, that he was a dissenting clergyman.

Your printed lines, entitled "Stay," which you kindly sent me, please me much. They are full of tenderness and pathos, verses that awaken a desire to take the hand of their author. How much I should like to see you, and welcome you to my hearth and home.

You ask if we have many kinds of ferns. We have a large variety and many of them very handsome. It is, however, a department of Botany I am not very familiar with. In fact, I love plants rather for their natural beauty than for their merely scientific value. The yew, of which you also speak, does not do well in our

climate. I have never seen it in any of our burial-places. We have the laburnam and syringa.

“Laburnam rich

In streaming gold; syringa, iv'ry pure,”

as Cowper so beautifully describes them in his “Winter Walk at Noon.”

Your letters breathe much of the freshness of nature, and like your poetry, shew a heart receptive of whatever is good and beautiful. While I perceive great simplicity in your verse, it is a cultured simplicity, and that you will to be so, rather than from necessity. I should be glad to see, as I hope to do at some future time, your works in prose, which have not to my knowledge yet reached this country.

I hope my correspondence is not burdensome to you and I trust that the congeniality I find in you will excuse what might otherwise be an impertunity and imposition upon your generosity. Should you be willing, I should be glad to know somewhat of your history; and assure you that nothing of yours will be foreign to me—your joys and sorrows will find a response in my heart.

You say nothing in your last of my family name. Has it ever occurred to you in England? I put this question to all my English correspondents—as yet with but little success. I have never yet found the name as we spell it, in England.

Should Mr. Russell Smith accede to my wishes I will give a careful revisal of my poems for him—all gratuitously. Any criticisms of yours I shall deem a favor. Yours affectionately, D. R.

STAY.

O, when we roved about,
 Still young, in clusters, o'er the flow'ry ground,
 For ever calling out

At things that took our minds, or things we found,
 "Sta-y!* Sta-y! Oh! cowslips here, what fine ones for
 a ball.

Sta-y! Sta-y! I see a wren's nest up beside this wall."

And when we all, at fair,

Had spent our day in crowds, at stall and show,
 And noontide's cloudless glare

Had cool'd away to evening's ruddy glow,
 "Sta-y! Sta-y! Just see that funny clown, and hear his
 jokes.

Sta-y! Sta-y! We must buy fairings for the little
 folks."

As then we went in flock

To spend a merry night with neighbor folks,
 And heard the warning clock

Ring out his startling tale of midnight strokes,
 "Sta-y! Sta-y! Just see how ends this funny game they
 play.

Sta-y! Sta-y! The moon will soon be up to light your
 way."

Or when we took our way

With nimble steps, half bold, and half in dread,
 By down or field of hay,

Or shady lanes, with trees above our head,
 "Sta-y! Sta-y! How fast you go; I can't keep up with
 you.

Sta-y! Sta-y! Oh! I am lame; I've gravel in my shoe."

*To be pronounced sta-ee long, in two syllables, as usual in a
 loud call.

Oh! through the wondrous range

Of life, we fain would call, as we came through
Some mind-o'erwhelming change,

From hopeful joy to fear, and fear too true,
(Softer) "Sta-y! Sta-y! Oh! happy days flee not
away so soon.

Sta-y! Sta-y! Let not our day's fair sun go down at
noon."

But still, whatever good

Has called for thankful joy, amid my fears,
Your love has ever stood

The solace of my height'ning tale of years.

"Sta-y! Sta-y! I try to tread the heavenly way you go.
Sta-y! Sta-y! May you be spared awhile for me
below."

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., U. S. A., May 13th, 1870.

REV. WM. BARNES,

RESPECTED FRIEND,—Another spring has come, and while I am enjoying the songs of the birds, and the beauty of the wild flowers again, not I trust, without gratitude to the great All-Father, and God, I often think of you as one of congenial tastes and sympathies, also enjoying, I trust, your own lovely season with its wealth of beauty. May is with you probably a finer month than with us, as we often have days of cloudy weather, and an occasional northeast rain storm; but on the whole it is one of our pleasantest months. June, however, is the glory of our summer, while July and August give our warmest weather. The latter part of September and October are usually clear and comfortable in temperature. The climate of England, notwithstanding the complaints

made about it, is doubtlessly one of the healthiest in the world. It is much more equable than that of New England, although I believe we have instead, many more clear days throughout the year. Our skies are said to be bluer and deeper than yours.

As a lover of English literature, I often regretted in my youth that I had not been born in England. When a boy at school, I read "The Life and Remains of Henry Kirke White," how delighted was I to find an old English laborer, who came from the neighborhood of Nottingham, and gave me an account of the "Clifton-Maid," corroborating that of Kirke White in his sweet poem "Clifton-Grove." Thanks to the good Southey for having presented him so favorably to the public. Dear lamented youth, how much have thy pure life and early death done to encourage the young in the paths of poetry and virtue. About this time, I found an old copy of Cowper's Task in a chest of old books in the garret of my father's house, which assisted greatly in the development of my love for nature and poetry. My life has been one largely of rural retirement, and consequently I have been favored with many peaceful hours, though no true life is, I suppose, without its clouds—mine thus far have not been, D. G., very dark ones—may God spare them from my future. But I am too egotistic, and will drop this subject here.

Our fields and woods are now beautified with the earlier flowers, such as the *Epigea repens* or trailing arbutus (nearly gone), *Rhodora Cana-*

densis, *Violacae*, white and blue violets; *Erythronium Americanum*, or yellow adder's tongue; *Aquilegia Canadensis*, wild columbine; *Anemone Nemorosa*, wind-flower; *Uvularia perfoliata*, smaller bellwort, &c. While in our gardens we have from Old England, the Crocus, Daffodils, Narcissus, Pansies, Laburnum, Forsythia, *V. Mezereon*, Hyacinth, *Dialetra Spectabilis*, Peach and Cherry trees in bloom. The air is mild and genial at this time and the thermometer at 72° in the shade at my Shanty door as I write, with my portfolio on my knees, and like a true Yankee, with my chair tilted back and my legs upon a corner of my desk—with open door, and the wind discoursing a gentle music through the pines near by—a rather lazy picture, indeed. But are not poets rather a lazy set? Not all, I know, and perhaps only the poorer sort to which I belong.

As I intended this only as a kind of vernal salutation; and wishing you every blessing a kind Heaven can give, I will now close this rambling epistle, hoping to hear from you again, should you find it in your heart to write, for your letters are very precious to me. Need I add that I remain in the bonds of Christian love and good fellowship,

Yours very truly,

DAN'L RICKETSON.

P. S. Nearly all our song birds have returned—today I heard the Golden Robin, or Baltimore Oriole, one of the latest. Our woods have for some time resounded with the sweet notes of the wood-thrush, and nearer at hand, our Robin (a

thrush), the Linnet, Blue-bird, &c., &c., join in song.

BROOKLAWN,

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., Jan. 9th, 1871.

MY DEAR KIND FRIEND,—Your interesting and welcome letter of the 20th ult. reached my hands yesterday. I got it at our village post-office, about half a mile from Brooklawn, the latter being upon rising ground overlooks the village which lies in the valley of our river, the Acushnet (Indian) from whence it derives its name, a pretty little hamlet of which I have written in my Autumn Sheaf.

On my way home through a rural lane, being impatient to see the contents of the dear epistle, I sat down on the sunny side of an old lichen-clad wall, backed by a row of fir trees, a favorite spot of mine, and read a portion of its contents, reserving the remainder, which I enjoyed very much, for a more deliberate perusal at my fireside—an open fire-place, where we burn wood using the andirons of my father's sitting-room. I am almost as much of a lover of old things as Goldsmith's Hard-Castle, and my house, Shanty and other out-buildings are well stocked with relics of my ancestors, some of them more than a hundred years old. I am thus rambling and particular as I know it will suit your poetic tastes.

O! I wish you were my neighbor. What grand walks and rambles we would have together. Cannot you get a vacation and come over here and make us a visit? I am a poor traveller, but about

my own neighborhood could shew you much to interest you as a lover of nature and a poet.

I must now thank you most sincerely for your kind and hospitable intentions; but I find so far as a removal, that my wife and children think that there is no place like home. So that if ever I visit my fatherland I shall probably come without them. I ought to have done so in the days of my early manhood; but as I am now nearly a sexagenarian, the prospect of a long voyage appears quite a difficult affair to surmount; and I suffer very much from sea-sickness. Several years ago I started for England, and got as far as Halifax, Nova Scotia, but I was so dreadfully sick that I left the ship and returned home. I am often tempted to try it again but the dread of the sea has thus far deterred me.

The greater equability of your climate would suit my habits better than ours. The extremes of heat and cold are far greater here, and the sudden changes more frequent. Your dull, damp weather would, it is true, be a drawback, and I should miss our warm sunny days even in winter, but I feel that my poetic temperament would find a more genial atmosphere in the home of my forefathers. I have a standing invitation to make my home when in England, if I ever reach it, at Conover Hall, near Shrewsbury, Shrops., with my friend and correspondent, Reginald Cholmondeley, Esq., whose brother, the late Thomas Cholmondeley Owen, Esq., was once a guest at Brooklawn with a mutual literary friend, the late Henry David Thoreau, Esq. Mr. R. C. was a class mate of

Mr. Hughes M. P., and thinks so well of my poems that he has requested the latter to make a favorable criticism upon them—but I hardly think he will find them worth his while. I have long had a friendly correspondence with William and Mary Howitt, and now have with their daughter, Mrs. Alfred Watts, herself an authoress, and well known in this country from her “Art Student at Munich.” I once had as a fellow traveller in this country, Thomas Briscoe, a fellow of Jesus Col. Oxford. I had a letter from him after his return home inviting me to his Club if ever in London, but as I have not heard from him for a long time I think he has passed away.

I have an occasional correspondence with other gentlemen of literary pursuits both in England and Scotland. I like much the later literature of the latter country, particularly the poetry of Robert Burns, the works of Sir Walter Scott, the writings of Francis Lord Jeffrey, John Milton (Christ North of Blackwood,) Rev. Sidney Smith and others of our own time, poets and essayists.

As I look out of my window upon my lawn, although the grass is not green like yours, but brown, the warm sun is shining brightly, and the temperature agreeable for walking. My little estate contains fifty-three acres, from which I obtain my hay, garden vegetables, apples, pears, peaches, grapes, having a fine vineyard of about an acre, strawberries, raspberries, &c., &c., &c., and wood for my winter fire; but we do not depend upon the latter wholly for warmth: as our house is quite roomy, we have a furnace in the cellar

heated by Anthracite coal from the mines of Pennsylvania, by which we warm the hall, parlors, and chambers—so you see we have to fortify ourselves here for our severest weather, but nothing more I conclude than would be required in any good house in the north of England.

Our thermometer usually ranges in winter from 20° to 40° Fahrenheit, in summer from 60° to 70° Fahrenheit. The extremes, which occur a few times in each season, would be at or nearly at, zero early in the morning in the winter, and by noon 20°. In summer 80° and occasionally 90°, for a day or two. These readings of the thermometer (Fahrenheit) are increased in other places farther inland, as we have the sea near us.

My chief dependence is from my city property inherited from my ancestors, amounting to about \$2600 per annum, about £500 (taxes &c. deducted) a moderate income here.

I must not forget the two beautiful little poems so characteristic of your style, and pleasingly so, for which remembrance I thank you.

I fear I shall burden you with my frequent correspondence; but I beg of you not to feel obliged to answer every letter of mine, however much I may value your smallest favor. In a world like this, friendship is too dear and sacred not to prize it beyond all other earthly possessions.

With my warmest thanks for your courtesy and kindness, I remain,

Yours most truly,

D. RICKETSON.

P. S. I send you by this mail an Almanac containing a poem of yours.

OUR VILLAGE

Nestled among its fields and neighboring woods,
Along the river's pleasant banks it stands,
A simple rural hamlet; yet, forsooth,
In bygone days a scene of busy life,
Through which the stage-coach, passing to and fro,
Stopped at the tavern, took and left the mail,
And travellers upon their dusty way
In Summer, or in Winter's stormy time,
Found a retreat both for themselves and beasts;
But now a kind of "Sleepy Hollow," where
The tired stranger finds no hostelry,
Yet food and lodging 'neath some humble roof,
Such as the homely comfort of the place affords,
And better, doubtless, than where greater show
With vain pretence so oft deludes the guest,
Exacting much, with little in return.
But further to describe, let me proceed:—
Two houses placed at either end stand forth,
Where faithfully the gospel is proclaimed:
The followers of Wesley and Calvin
Here abide in peace. And farther on,
Upon the hill, a plain and time-worn house
Is seen, where meet as wont a little band
Of those called Quakers, once numerous here,
Before schisms unfortunate sundered them
And scattered far and wide their sturdy ranks.
Near by an ancient grave-yard, with its stones
Dating far back to the first settlement
Of this ancestral town, then Dartmouth called,
Rests on the hill-top, mid o'ershading trees.
Here too once stood a comely edifice,
Where a famed preacher taught his numerous flock,
The grandsires of a far-spread progeny.
But Nature still her faith and beauty holds,

And standing on the river's upland banks,
A varied scene presents itself to view,—
Green fields and orchards, woods and groves around,
The village lying in the vale below,
The graceful church-spire shooting far above
The humbler houses, and before them all
A striking feature of this rural scene,
The river gliding onward to the sea,
Homes of rural comfort seen here and there,
And far away the city with its spires,
Its dust and clamor lost upon the air.
Just at the bridge, and near the river bank,
Stands a rude building, ancient, dark, and low,
Yet of no small importance in its time;
And though so rude and rough, and worn with age,
A cheerfulness is often found within,
When the huge bellows kindle up its fires,
And the old forge, refulgent in the blaze,
Sends all around a warm and pleasant light,
That makes old Winter, in his stormy reign,
Yield half his terrors to the genial heat
Which thus from honest industry obtains.
See how beneath the ponderous iron sledge,
Wielded by arms of herculean strength,
The meteoric shower flies through the air;
Anon replacing with his needful tongs
The cooling iron, now the brawny smith
Leans on the brake, attentive to his task,
While rushing down the creaking bellows pipe
Comes the enkindling draft, making all glow.
There with his swarthy brow, dishevelled hair,
Broad chest, and broad, expressive face,
Stands one who from his youth to manhood's prime
Hath by this ancient craft his living gained,—
A son of Vulcan, but of kindly mien.

Skillful at shoeing oxen, oft I've seen
The patient victim slung, and strong-armed John
Setting the shoe and driving in the nail,
The sweat careering down his honest face,
While patiently some honest Dobbin stands
Waiting his turn, his master at the door,
Or seated at the forge smoking his pipe,
And chatting of the times with an old friend,
Or with the Squire, who on his daily round
Has stopped to chat on politics or news—
No theme too trite to occupy the hour,
And loud the laughter at the ancient joke,
Told for the hundredth time to listening ears.
So passes on the peaceful village life,
And when good feelings and good will prevail,
More to be envied than the stormy mart,
Where men with sharpened wits together come,
And by their wits their fortunes make or lose.
For me the quiet of the fields and woods,
And rural occupations lure my hours,
Where studious of good I hope to learn,
And learning to secure immortal bliss.
In former days, ere yet our river's course
Had been obstructed by the miller's dam,
The shad, the herring, and the salmon too,
Were in abundance, and e'en now at times,
When Spring once more gives life afresh to all
Animate and inanimate creation,
Following their instinct schools of herring,
And occasionally a shad, appear.
Then all the village youths with ample nets
Stand at the bridge or by the river's marge,
Mostly at evening, eager for their prey:
A cheerful sight, and often I have stopped
Upon my evening walk to see their sport,

Wondering if those born of hardier nerves
 Feel not, when struggling for their liberty
 The glittering victims in their baskets lie.
 Here once in years long passed away
 The Britons, landing on our southern shore,
 Marched some four thousand, halting at this spot,
 And pillaging and burning on their way,
 Drove the unarmed villagers to the woods
 And other places of retreat. Those days
 Are passed, and all of that old race
 Who tilled the soil or labored at their trades
 Have also passed away. Thus time goes on,
 And generation after generation
 Move o'er the scene of action and are gone.
 O, mid these peaceful realms where Nature kind
 Hath outspread so much wealth and beauty
 In varied landscape, hill and dale, and stream,
 And made a healthful home for man and beast,
 May never war or waste or bitterness
 With blighting steps pass o'er, but kindly still
 The song of labor, roused in happy hearts,
 Rise at morning's and the evening's close.

CAME RECTORY,

DORCHESTER, Dec. 31, 1870.

DEAR MR. RICKETSON,—When we feel that there
 is no call for a few days that we should write to
 a friend, we are not unlikely to leave our pen out
 of the hand for weeks or months, as I am ashamed
 to find by the date of your last kind letter I have
 done.

I am now writing with the ground within sight
 of my window all under a sheet of snow, though
 we had a very rainless and sunshiny summer and
 fall.

I have had, since I wrote to you, two calls from American gentlemen, of whom the latter is Mr. M. D. Conway, an American writer now in London, who tells me that he knows you and your children, and who has not at all lowered my good opinion of you and yours.

He is writing a paper for an American Illustrated Magazine (Harper's?) on Southern Dorset, and means to give a likeness of me and a print of our little church and I believe some account of my forefathers and my life, but I do not think it will come out before April.

I am very thankful to you for the Indian names of animals which you kindly took so much trouble to copy for me.

And wishing you and yours a happy New Year, I am, dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

W. BARNES.

DANIEL RICKETSON, ESQ.

New Bedford, Mass.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., Feb. 2d, 1871.

DEAR MR. BARNES,—Your welcome letter, without date, post-marked "Dec. 31, 70," was duly received. No apology was necessary on your part for delay in writing me, for I had feared I had obtruded myself too much upon you; but when a man, and of all men, a poet publishes to the world the secrets of his inner and better life, and so beautifully as well as successfully as you have done, he seems to have given his hand in good fellowship to all congenial souls, and thus as it

were invites recognition. I respect the sacredness of a man's own private life and home too much willingly to disturb it; such I trust has not been the case in my correspondence with you.

I suppose, as in my own case, that you have a numerous correspondence; but those of congenial natures can hardly afford to lose any opportunity of knowing somewhat of each other.

You write of the ground "within sight of your window all under a sheet of snow"—such is even the case here with us; although the day is bright and mild, the thermometer shewing 44° at my present writing 10-1/2 o'clock A. M. We have great alternations of temperature, ranging from 50° to 0, and even a few degrees below zero. Our climate is undoubtedly much brighter than yours and sunnier, but less equable; for with all the Englishman's complaint of his climate, I am inclined to believe that there is none so well adapted to produce a more hardy, healthy and intelligent race of people. I think our own New England stock has suffered, physically at least, by the change.

The gentleman who called upon you, Mr. M. D. Conway, is a fellow abolitionist—he is a Virginian by birth and was formerly a Unitarian minister. He is a man of ability and a good writer. He suffered a good deal among his own people in Va. who were slave-holders, for his anti-Slavery principles. I think he will give a graphic sketch of you and your surroundings, and I shall look with interest for the number of Harper's Mag. which contains it.

I have just finished reading the severe criticisms of Alfred Austin, in a duo-decimo volume of some three hundred pages entitled "The Poetry of the Period," London, Richard Bentley, &c., 1870, wherein Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Matthew Arnold, and Morris are specially dealt with. I cannot but mourn that these poets and the faith of their admirers should be thus summarily dealt with; but it appears to me, that Mr. Austin makes good his case and more than all, condemns his victims from their own words. I could never read much of Browning or Morris and what I have seen of Matthew Arnold, which is very little, I liked, and I think I once read something of Swinburne's, handed me by a lady, which had the stamp of vigor and ease of versification.

I could never read anything of Tennyson except his "In Memoriam," and not all of that. I miss a want of health in all these writers—out-of-door air—freedom of restraint from conventionalities, and too strong a smell of the midnight oil. The age is too much for them, as Mr. Austin would say, and it is not their blame, except I would add, in becoming willing victims. If Mr. Austin had confined the age to England, of which he complains, he would have spoken more truly; for although we here in New England are affected by the atmosphere of Old England of to-day, yet we are far more under the influence of the preceding age or ages of British literature than the present. I think we must be bolder, freer, fresher, if not so highly cultivated, and may I add, artificial.

Excuse my freedom as the natural *amor patriae*

of a New England Englishman and believe me,
my dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

DAN'L RICKETSON.

REV. WM. BARNES.

P. S. Of course one who has taken so entirely
an original style of verse as you have done is
exempt from Mr. Austin as well as my criticism.

My letters come better directed simply to New
Bedford, Mass., U. S. A. omitting Brooklawn.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., U. S. A., Dec. 1st, 1871.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have been looking over, this
cold winter morning, your "Rural Poems," which
I admire for their beautiful simplicity, the sim-
plicity of culture and true art; for the nearer we
draw to nature, the more do we catch her divine
charms.

The poetry of the present day in England, (with
only now and then an exception,) appears to me
unnatural and even extravagant, possessing but
little except a sort of wonderful exuberance of
words, generally arranged in accordance with the
rules of versification indeed, and interlarded with
classical and historical allusions, shewing the
author to have studied in his youth, perhaps, a
good deal of ancient lore, but wanting in those
fresh and inspiriting passages which so mark the
older poets from Chaucer to Wordsworth, inclu-
sive of the latter of course. Your delightful
poems possess a freshness and originality that
shew you not only to be a man of education, but
a real lover of nature, and the simple honest ways

of life, so much more heart-touching and instructive of virtue and happiness than the ostentatious lives of the falsely so-called, great. I know that there are good and bad in all classes of society, but it does seem that the sweetest virtues are usually found in what we choose to call the humbler walks of life. Burns himself of this class in his "Cotter's Saturday Night," and brave old John Wilson, the "Kit North" of Blackwood, in his beautiful sketches of Scottish life, Sir Walter Scott, and our own Washington Irving, and poet Whittier, and others dear to the lover of truth and beauty, are examples of successful portraiture in this way. In this goodly company I would place you, and if I mistake not, posterity will also do so.

I have also been reading parts of the history of Dorsetshire in my copy of "The Beauties of England and Wales," and find your county called "The Garden of England." Certainly situate in the south part of your island the temperature softened by the vicinity to the sea, your climate must be quite genial and well suited to one like yourself for out-o'-door recreations.

I have long desired to visit our dear old Fatherland, and an invitation from a friend in Shropshire, offering his house as my home, and the pleasure of taking you and a few more congenial friends by the hand, are I can assure you strong inducements for me to undertake, what I dread, the ocean voyage, for I am a true son of the soil, and only love the ocean as an object of grandeur, wonder, and beauty as seen from the shore or

some beetling headland. Still I feel my life will hardly accomplish its expectations unless I do visit the home of my ancestors.

Although we have a great deal of bright weather here, probably twice as much as you in England, still the greater cold of our winter, and heat of summer, offset your fogs and rain. On the whole I presume the climate of Great Britain from a more equable temperature, more favorable to health and comfort than ours. I know English writers complain of the climate, but still the fresh and hearty looks of your people contradict their theory.

As I am a keen observer of the weather, and as I advance in years, feel its changes more and more, I sometimes think of removing with my family to a milder climate: we have it here in California, but to a retired man like myself, or rather one whose associates are quite unlike those I should be likely to meet with there, the loss in a social point of view would greatly counterbalance the advantage of a more genial temperature. The south of England, all things considered, would I think suit me best.

It always affords me pleasure to hear from you, and I have only to complain of the brevity of your letters. I suppose your time is so much employed in your profession that you have but little to spare for new correspondents. Therefore your letters however short will always be welcome to me.

I have never heard from your friend Mr. Bull, to whom I wrote a friendly letter inviting a cor-

respondence; but I conclude with him, as with you, that demands of his parish require too much of his time for any other than his older correspondents.

I love England, with all her faults, so well that I often trespass upon the rules of etiquette perhaps in my wishes for a farther knowledge of those whose tastes and pursuits I feel to be in harmony with my own. Nature, books, my pen, and the care of my estate, still leave me an ample margin for correspondence, and so I have taken an hour this winter morning by my warm wood-fire to communicate with you in your far off Rectory.

Anything relating to your experiences in life, your joys and sorrows will ever find an attentive ear and responsive heart in

Your loving friend and brother bard
across the broad ocean,

DAN'L RICKETSON.

REV. WILLIAM BARNES,
Winterbourne Came Rectory.

P. S. I have looked for, but not yet found the sketch of you by Mr. Conway.

CAME RECTORY,

DORCHESTER, DORSET, 20th Dec., 1871.

DEAR MR. RICKETSON,—I cannot be but happy that you find my homely poems worthy of a down-taking from your shelves as anything of a pleasure on a winter's day.

I am, as I believe you would guess from my own writings, of your own opinion as to the Eng-

lish poetry of our days. Much of it is over sensational with cantlike and high-pitched wording, strange imagery, and wild figures that go to heighten what is dark by that which is dimmer. Such too is becoming our school of painting, which is too fond of wildly strong colors, and strong clashings of light and shade, and reds and blues, and of furious action—of nature in wrath rather than in peace.

I should think that our two most winterly months, December and January, are less cold, albeit less clear, than those months are with you; but our November and the beginning of our December have this year been very bright and cold, and it has been very cold in France and Italy. I have just had a letter from my daughter Julia at Florence, and when she wrote it the children were digging snow with their toy spades. We have not yet had any snow in Dorsetshire.

Our November is mostly mild but damp; December and January are, as I have said, our most winterly, frosty months; February is often damp or wet; March bright and cheerful, and at some times, dry with easterly winds, though we say “a peck of March dust is worth a king’s ransom,” since dry weather is so good for ploughing and sowing. April, fresh and soft April, breathes of new growth, and May is flowery and charmingly bright and is followed by the summer months of haymaking and ripening crops, June, July and August. September is often, tho’ not always, very mild, and October is marked by the sear and falling leaves. Our spring months are March,

April and May; summer begins with June, autumn with September, winter with December. An overcoat would not be often wanted for brisk walking out of the winter months.

We have sometimes some keen easterly winds; but our warm wind in Dorset is the southwest, mild but often damp. The weather at times changes rather suddenly. We have a little sultry thunder weather, or by our saying "Three hot days and a thunder storm," so the sultry weather is not very lasting. Not often very heavy thunder storms or destructive lightning; not often very heavy downpourings of rain.

Our grass fields are not brown, but mostly pea-green in the winter, and on a bright day look very pretty against the brown woods and trees. We have sometimes skating ice for a few days at a time, and fires are wanted against dampness or cold about 5 months in the year.

I fear that 300 £ a year would not be enough for the horse and carriage with the hire of such a house as you sketch and the living of six inmates. 500 £ may meet the cost of such a house.

I wonder Mr. Bull has not answered your letter. I know not when Mr. Conway's paper on South Dorset is coming out in the Magazine.

If you were to come to England I should hope to see you here for a week, though we could not have the pleasure of lodging those that I should like to see, your beloved ones.

I am, dear Mr. Ricketson,
Yours very truly,

W. BARNES.

CAME RECTORY,
DORCHESTER, July 2nd, 1872.

DEAR MR. RICKETSON,—I have often thought of you since I received your last letter, and I will now so far think of you aloud that you shall know my thoughts.

When you write of sitting down on the sunny side of an old lichen-clad wall and of the relics of your ancestors, you startle us with the thought that you must be quite an old race, and that the world might say, "Why, bless me! those so lately young children of John Bull are become quite staid people."

The hall with its andirons and wood fire are well understood by me from the houses and fires of the Vale of Blackmore in my childhood.

We have had a cold spring, but now are in the midst of summer with the woods and trees green, and the fields (where the grass is not yet mown), and the banks bloomy with sundry kinds of flowers—daisies, (ox-eye) buttercups, sorrel, ladies fingers or kidney-vetch (*anthyllis vulneraria*), red and white clover, yellow rattle (*rhinanthus*), ladies bedstraw (*galium*), willow herb (*epilobium*), campion red and white, the red called here the Robin Hood, crowfoot (*ranunculus*), cammock or restharrow (*ononis*); in our corn-fields charlock and poppy, and on our hedges woodbine, the dog rose and nightshade, and on our downs, thyme, harebell, milkwort and others, while many of our trees are behung with fluttering ivy.

We have a heavy crop of grass and have good

fore-tokens of a good harvest of grain and of turnips and mangels, but much of our tree fruit was cut off by late frost.

I am, dear Mr. Ricketson,
Yours very truly,

W. BARNES.

D. RICKETSON, Esq.,

Brooklawn, New Bedford, Mass.

P. S. We have had here a great meeting of the West of England Agricultural Society. About 20,000 people in the show yard.

THE SHANTY, BROOKLAWN.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., July 16th, 1872.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your welcome letter of the 2d inst. came to hand yesterday, and being quite at leisure this warm summer afternoon, seated in my Shanty, between my open door and window, I take my pen for the purpose of holding a short communion with you, feeling that you are a congenial spirit with myself, at least in the peaceful walks of nature and poetry.

I am gratified to learn that you think of me occasionally, even although your thoughts so rarely find me through the medium of pen, ink and paper. I am thankful, however, for your letters, although so short, and conclude that the duties of your profession, as well as domestic cares, and the demands of older correspondents doubtlessly spare you but little time for idlers like myself. You appear to be quite surprised at my allusion to our moss-clad walls, and other objects of ancestral interest. The works of man

here are quite recent when compared with yours. We have no Druidical remains nor Roman walls; neither have we Castles and Abbeys, venerable in their ruins, and clad in ivy; but nature here is, you will remember, as old as with you—the earth, the skies, the rivers, lakes, and the grand old ocean, the hills and mountains, rocks and primeval woods, give us a common antiquity with our dear old Fatherland, and the rest of the eastern world.

Prior to 1620, the year the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth rock, your history is our history, and with equal truth all prior to July 4th, 1776, when our forefathers declared themselves independent. The literature of Great Britain, the manners and customs are essentially identical with our own. But while I speak of these things as possessed by us in common with you, I am free to admit that in the higher walks of literature, art and science we are still in our infancy.

With strong preferences for a republican government, I still can see how much more diffuse become the means of education and the attainment of the common blessings of life, thus diminishing the accumulated grandeur of your public institutions as well as personal aggrandizement. With us too, there is more hurry and consequent incompleteness in our works. We lack that thoroughness in scholarship, and in the mechanical works, so apparent in English manufacture to every observing American who visits your country.

Our climate is, I fear, not as favorable for physical or intellectual growth as yours. The

excessive cold of our winter and extreme changeableness of that season, and the great heat of our summer quite unfit us for the greatest performances. With the thermometer ranging from zero to 50° and 60° Fahrenheit during the winter, and from 60° to 90° in summer, you can see how the Saxon in New England must be affected unfavorably with the Saxon of Old England. One great trouble with us is, that we have not yet learned to live in our climate. We still adhere to our ancestral ways and habits, which during our hot summers are particularly bad for us. Instead of a tropical diet in our hot weather, most people eat animal food twice or thrice a day, with condiments and rich puddings, pies, &c. Having conscientious scruples about eating the flesh of animals, I rarely eat it, and should never do so from choice were I sure that my health would allow a total abstinence from it. Is it not indeed humiliating to think that man is a carnivorous animal? Of this I am by no means convinced, nor do I wish to be, it so conflicts with my ideas of immortality. But I will not push this inquiry any farther now.

Our spring too was late, and cold, March the most severe month of the year. On the other hand the summer thus far has been unusually hot, and although our air is tempered somewhat by the sea breezes from our bay, still the heat during the middle of the day is oppressive. We are just in the midst of our hay-harvest—mine was finished last week, but my neighbors are still busy

with theirs. Our cherries ripened better than usual, and our apples, pears, peaches, and grapes promise an abundant crop. Strawberries have passed, and we now have raspberries, currants and gooseberries in our gardens, and in our fields and woods the delicious whortleberry, and soon shall have the equally valued blackberry. Our hotter sun undoubtedly gives us the advantage over you in the ripening of out-of-door fruit. Melons ripen well with us, as does the tomato, and West India squashes, even sweet potatoes are occasionally cultivated successfully here.

How glad should I be to have you here and take you about my favorite drives and rambles. Cannot you come and see America?—England in the New World. Your name is already known and prized by many excellent people here, and I doubt not you would find a cordial welcome from some of the best of our land, as well as by your humble friend *meipsum*.

I am, probably an older man than you, having nearly reached my 59th birthday. I have a wife and four grown-up children, and three grandchildren. So you see that I am quite a *paterfamilias*.

I thank you for your list of the plants now in bloom in your neighborhood—the names of some of which I recognize as those here. You would be quite surprised, and agreeably so, should you visit this country to see how many of your plants have become naturalized here. When you looked over our fields in spring you would recognize your old acquaintances, the dandelion, the butter-

cup, and in poor lands the ox-eye daisy, the thistle, &c., &c., while about all our garden weeds, many of them really handsome plants, are of European origin. In fact, with our common language, our domestic habits, our love of country, and in almost all that goes to make up the sum of human interest, you would find yourself quite at home among your country cousins. A little more freedom, more inquisitiveness, and perhaps idle curiosity with some, but generally, and always with well-bred people, the same etiquette and decorum as in the polite world elsewhere. Our people are by no means savages as some may suppose, but true scions of the noble old stock that has made Great Britain so great and renowned throughout the world, greater in my estimation for her philanthropists than her warriors, for her literature and art than for her great commercial wealth and pride of rank.

My life thus far has been blessed by no severe afflictions. For the past twenty-seven years I have lived mostly in rural quiet, my residence being about three miles from New Bedford, a city of some twenty-thousand inhabitants, in the old township of Dartmouth, the birth-place of myself and ancestors for six generations, my children and one of my grandchildren, making two more, or eight generations, the father however of the latter is an Englishman by birth. Though a very moderate poet I still possess the poetic temperament, and consequently am very susceptible to pleasure or pain, both of body and mind.

Judging from your poetry, although I recog-

nize a delicate feeling throughout, I should think you to be quite a robust person; one naturally of good cheer, but a decided Englishman in thought and feeling, which latter quality when very prominent, we more cosmopolitan New Englanders sometimes take the liberty (begging your pardon) to smile at, in return for the criticisms of John Bull upon Brother Jonathan. I suppose that we inherit most of the faults, and some of the virtues at least, of our ancestors of Old England. I hope that England and America will never forget their blood relationship, nor their duties as professedly Christian nations to each other as parent and child.

I hope I shall not bore you with my frequent letters; but I feel so strong a congeniality for you that perhaps I am in danger of doing so. If so I crave your pardon, for I abhor a bore.

In the bonds of Christian love and good fellowship, I remain,

Yours faithfully,

DAN'L RICKETSON.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON,

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., July 12th, 1874.

REV. WM. BARNES.

DEAR AND RESPECTED FRIEND,—I have just been reading over the file of letters I received from you, which I have preserved with much care and value highly. They are nine in number, the first bearing date Feb. 7th, 1869, and the last July 2d 1872. I do not intend, nor do I wish to engage you in another correspondence with me, although

the gain would be principally, if not wholly on my side; but the re-perusal of your pleasantly characteristic thoughts and descriptions of your interesting home surroundings indited in so kindly and Christian spirit, has prompted me once more to send you the greeting of brotherly love and expression of sympathy, as well as high appreciation of your valuable contributions to the literature of your country, I allude more particularly to your poems, as I have never seen any of your other works, which I am aware possess much merit, and give you a position among the scholars, as well as poets of your country.

I have read with much interest the sketch of yourself and your home by Mr. Conway, which appeared a few months since in Harper's Magazine. I had supposed you a younger man than myself—my birth-year being 1813. I am therefore a sexagenarian of nearly a year's standing, my sixty-first birthday falling upon the 30th of the present month.

I notice that in one of your letters to me you speak of your daughter Julia then at Florence, and "the children," the latter I suppose are your grandchildren. I, too, have three grandchildren, the eldest in his tenth year. I am however still quite fresh and active, my hair and beard unsprinkled with grey, except in so small a degree as hardly to be noticed, which gives me a more youthful appearance than I am entitled to, but the marks of time are by no means wanting as the lines about my face plainly convince. I am but a very ordinary looking person, rather

below the medium height, though quite compact, and able still to take my long walks. Brooklawn being three miles from our city, I often walk in or out, sometimes both ways. In my youth I have walked twenty miles, and on one occasion thirty in a day, but the latter was too much for me, although I experienced nothing more than fatigue as a consequence.

I have a younger brother, who when an undergraduate of Harvard College, in company with two fellow students walked from Cambridge (the seat of the College) four miles beyond Boston, to New Bedford in a day, some sixty miles. I now prefer a leisurely walk or ramble to a tramp, and should enjoy the companionship of one of such congenial tastes as yourself. A visit to this country would doubtlessly afford you much interest, and I should be much pleased to welcome you, and have you make my house your home while you were here.

We have the greatest cataract, that of Niagara, and the finest lakes and rivers in the world, at least we think so, and they are well worth a visit from any English lover of the sublime works of nature. Our mountains also possess many attractions, and the broad expanse of our domain would quite astonish you. Our travellers think nothing of a thousand or two miles as a journey. But I am a "home-body," at least have been so for the past twenty years. In my youth I loved to travel and visited many of our most interesting scenes.

It is pleasant for me to think of you in your quiet Rectory, or performing the duties of your

sacred office, but more so perhaps in your poetic rambles, or driving about in your "spring-cart," of which you speak in one of your poems. It is indeed a great happiness to be able to enjoy simple pleasures, and to pass a life away from crowds and fashion. I am aware however, that there is no life without its sad side, and as the poet Cowper (of whom you remind me) says in one of his letters, there is often a tragedy going on in a corner, of which the world little dreams. I quote from memory and may not have done justice to his always excellent expression.

Cowper was the great favorite among our English poets during my youth; but I find my dear old friend and companion too sad for me now in the waning years of life. How well has Wordsworth pictured the experiences of the sensitive mind in his fine little poem, *Lycoris*, part 2, commencing—

"In youth we love the darksome lawn,
Brushed by the owlet's wing," &c.

to which I beg you refer, if you have it not in memory. How sweetly sad too are his thoughts in his elegant ode "Intimations of Immortality."

A life like yours encompassing the usual experiences of joy and sorrow cannot well be without its rich rewards and grateful compensations in the consciousness of having administered to the members of your flock, and particularly to the suffering and dying, the consolations of our holy religion, of which I fear I am too unworthy to speak, and cannot do so without condemnation for a life mercifully lengthened to me, passed to

so little purpose. Only to the mercy of our Father in Heaven, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, can I look and even here without a strong and sustaining faith and hope.

Pardon this freedom, and believe me my dear friend in joy and sorrow,

Your faithful and sympathizing friend,

DAN'L RICKETSON.

P. S. I hardly know whether or not to send this prolix epistle, but will trust to your good nature and Christian forbearance once more.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., U. S. A., Oct. 12, 1886.

To the family of the late REV'D WILLIAM BARNES :

DEAR FRIENDS,—As a friend and correspondent of the beloved and honored deceased, I desire to express my deep respect and affection for his memory, as well as sorrow for his loss, and sympathy for his bereaved family in whose welfare I shall ever feel an interest.

It was only a few days ago I was reading over some of the letters I had received from my deceased friend, the kindly sentiments in which awakened in my heart a strong fellow-feeling, and love for him, and now the news of his death has reached our country, where besides myself, he has many admirers of his sweet rural poems in the "Dorset dialect," thro' a copy of which several years ago presented to my daughter Anna by a distinguished American literary gentleman, G. W. Curtis, I was led to address its author. I soon after received a cordial reply, and thus an occa-

sional correspondence began. My first letter from him bears date 1869, and the last Dec. 16, 1884, covering a period of more than fifteen years. These letters I have kept very choicely with those of other valued correspondents.

I am aware that he has been a laborious student, and is the author of many valuable works of a philological character, with which I am not familiar. Our City Librarian informs me that he expects to have all his works in the library soon. As an ardent lover of Nature and keen observer of her varied beauties, his letters often spoke of his rambles about your neighborhood, where he will be missed and mourned I doubt not by a large number both in, and outside, his parish.

In his character I have often been reminded of those fine old Clergymen Naturalists and Authors, Rev'd Gilbert White and Rev'd William Gilpin, as well as others of the same class. I trust that a Memoir of my beloved and honored friend will be made, to which I shall gladly contribute my humble part if desired. Repeating my heartfelt sympathy for your great sorrow and bereavement, and hoping to hear from you, believe me, for the sake of my dear departed friend,

Yours most cordially,

DANIEL RICKETSON.

7 PEMBRIDGE VILLAS,

BAYSWATER, Oct. 2, 1878.

MY DEAR SIR:—The receipt of your letter gave me very great pleasure; it is always satisfying to find such kind appreciation as your letter ex-

presses, and the thought that any work of mine has helped to soothe a time of distress is quite a new pleasure to me.

Permit me to hope that it will be very long before my "Old English Merry Making" may be called upon to perform the new character of physician to you again, and with every other good wish for your health and happiness, I am, my dear Sir,

Faithfully yours,

WM. P. FRITH.

DANIEL RICKETSON, ESQ.

7 PEMBRIDGE VILLAS,

BAYSWATER, Feb. 14, '88.

MY DEAR SIR:—I hasten to acknowledge your most kind and sympathetic letter and to thank you sincerely for it. I well remember the pleasure you gave me by telling me that a work of mine had amused you during illness, and am glad indeed to find that work of a very different kind has met with your approbation.

As you speak of the printing of the book in connection with the name of Bentley, I conclude you have read it in the English edition. If so your knowledge of my personal appearance is derived from the unfortunate portraits that adorn (?) those volumes. That you may have a better idea of him in whom you take so kind an interest, I enclose for your acceptance a less disagreeable rendering of a very common-place individual, and if in return you will send me yours, I shall be

pleased, for I should like to see what the man is like who could take the trouble to write the letter I have just received.

A great number of letters, all more or less congratulatory, have reached me, and they have been immediately seized upon by my wife, yours, together with your sketch, which I suppose represents myself?—is now added to the list and will always be valued and cared for as it deserves.

I am pleased to hear such good accounts of your son. I should like to see some of his work; I suppose none of it reaches our English Exhibitions.

With reiterated thanks for your kindness, I am,
my dear Sir,

Very faithfully yours,

WM. P. FRITH.

D. RICKETSON, ESQ.

OLD ELM PLACE,

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., Dec. 29th, 1894.

WM. P. FRITH, ESQ., R. A.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND QUONDAM CORRESPONDENT,—
You are often brought to my mind by the engraving of your beautiful picture, “An English Merry-Making in the Olden Time,” which hangs over my open fireplace where I usually sit during the cold season.

Thus seated yesterday and looking at the picture, nearly every figure in which has become endeared to me, particularly the good old cottagers and their children on the left fore-ground, the following was read to me, which sounds as though

it might be true—if so, I can well imagine how the event must have moved your feeling heart.

How Fate Treated a Beautiful Model.

Mr. Frith, the artist, lately met on the streets of London a poor old woman with white hair and one eye, to whom he dispensed some charity. She turned out to be the original gay beauty in the carriage, the center of the great artist's famous "Derby Day" painting, executed thirty-five years ago, and which is now exhibited in the National gallery.—

London Tit-Bits.

My last letter to you was answered by your dear wife, in your absence, since which I have only heard of you through public channels. Your auto-biography proved a wonderful, but deserved success here as well as elsewhere. So you are known to the great public, not only as a distinguished Royal Academician, but as a successful literateur. "*Io Paen! Io! Triumphe,*" I need hardly add, as you have already achieved whatever glory it may emblazon.

I remember of feeling a righteous indignation in your behalf at the affront you received on the occasion of your election at the Royal Academy, from an author whose works I am not familiar with, but who thereby signally disgraced himself and his profession. I have been interested in reading the published works of Dean Holl, the "very reverend" Dean of Rochester, who is giving lectures under the name of "Mere Memories" to polite, and I doubt not delighted audiences in our cities. I feel pretty well acquainted

with him having read his earlier and later productions. He impresses me as a generous, vigorous, humorous, as well as learned English prelate, with a large admixture of the better class of the English gentleman. I could readily spare his fox-hunting proclivities, and some other of his more athletic accomplishments, which his vigorous frame of "six feet three inches," may excuse. "England, with all thy faults I love thee still."

I cannot close this desultory letter without further allusion to my favorite picture. If I mistake not, I saw several years ago your "Derby-Day" at our "Art Museum" in Boston. With all its merits I prefer the "Olden Time." In fact I have never seen the poetry of painting so exquisitely united as in this sweet rural scene. It is a picture I feel sure that would receive the admiration of the true poet. I am often reminded of the poetic pictures of dear old Goldsmith while viewing it. It would suit a Cowper, a Gray or Beattie, and many more lovers of nature and the calmer walks of life.

It is among the regrets of my life, that I have never reached Old England, my fatherland. Great dread of sea-sickness and a strong home attachment have kept me mostly at home. Although born in an active seaport, my love of nature and the country was early developed, but not until I had reached my thirty-second year had my heart's desire been accomplished, when I moved with my little family to our first rural residence, "Woodlee" so-called from the extensive woodland about us. This was the work of my own creation from

about 30 acres of an old farm, with a few of the original fruit trees in a state of decay. Here I planted largely of apple, pear, peach, and other varieties of fruit. Our house was a fine roomy affair. But after eight years occupation it became expedient for us to dispose of it at a good advantage, and then still farther from town I purchased another old farm of some 53 acres, with old buildings, orchards, &c. This I developed into a handsome country residence, where we passed twenty-one years, and then at the age of 62 years, I returned to our old home in my native New Bedford, 1875. Two years after, 1877, the beloved companion of my youth and mother of my four children passed quietly away after a short illness in her 64th year. Of blessed memory.

As you have given us so much of yourself, and so delightfully, you will pardon me, though a comparative stranger, for a little egoism. A small, but ample patrimony has been so well husbanded as to remain intact to the present time. My oldest son is a physician, and served two and a half years in the Navy during the late Civil war as surgeon. He has also been abroad in Europe several times and once round Cape Horn in a sailing ship. He is quite unlike me, but goes back to his Pilgrim ancestor, Miles Standish, on his mother's side. I am, however, a Friend, Quaker, so-called, the 6th generation in that order from the days of Fox and Penn. Our name is still found in your native Yorkshire as Rickatson generally, also in London.

But I will abruptly close, offering my advanced

years of nearly 82 as apology for my prolixity. So with a kind Heaven's best blessing for yourself and family, I remain,

Yours very respectfully and truly,

DAN'L RICKETSON.

Jan. 1, 1895.—May this prove a happy new year to you all.

TURVEY ABBEY,

BEDFORD, November 29th, 1872.

MY DEAR SIR:—Many circumstances with which I need not trouble you, connected with sickness and death, and a large amount of work constantly pressing upon me, must plead my excuse for having so long delayed an answer to your kind and interesting letter.

I am the son of John Higgins of Turvey Abbey, who as you rightly supposed was the "Johnny" mentioned in the letter to Lady Hesketh and who had the great privilege of being the friend of the dear and amiable Cowper.

The immediate neighbourhood of the village in which I reside has been made interesting by several good men who have lived in it. Thomas Scott, the commentator, and John Newton are well known names, and their fragrance will never be lost. Then, Legh Richmond was my own clergyman and tutor. A more loving heart than his never beat. A refined taste, and a keen appreciation of all that was beautiful in nature and art, with a most fluent speech characterized him, and made his society to be greatly valued by all who had the privilege to enjoy it.

A good deal remains of what Cowper describes, and yet many changes have taken place, as might indeed be expected, seeing that seventy years and more have fled since his earnest and gentle spirit passed away. He had been invited by my father to spend a week or two with him at Turvey, and had arranged to do so. Alas, he died on the very day on which our house was to have been made glad by his presence.

The Mrs. Higgins for whom Cowper wrote the epitaph "Laurels may flourish round the conqueror's tomb," was my dear grandmother. I have the verses in his own writing. A few things which belonged to the poet are in my possession, and are much valued. The chest, in the top drawer of which "the retired Cat" made her temporary home, stands in my bed room; and I usually wear in the evening a large and somewhat old-fashioned pair of silver shoe-buckles which were constantly used by him.

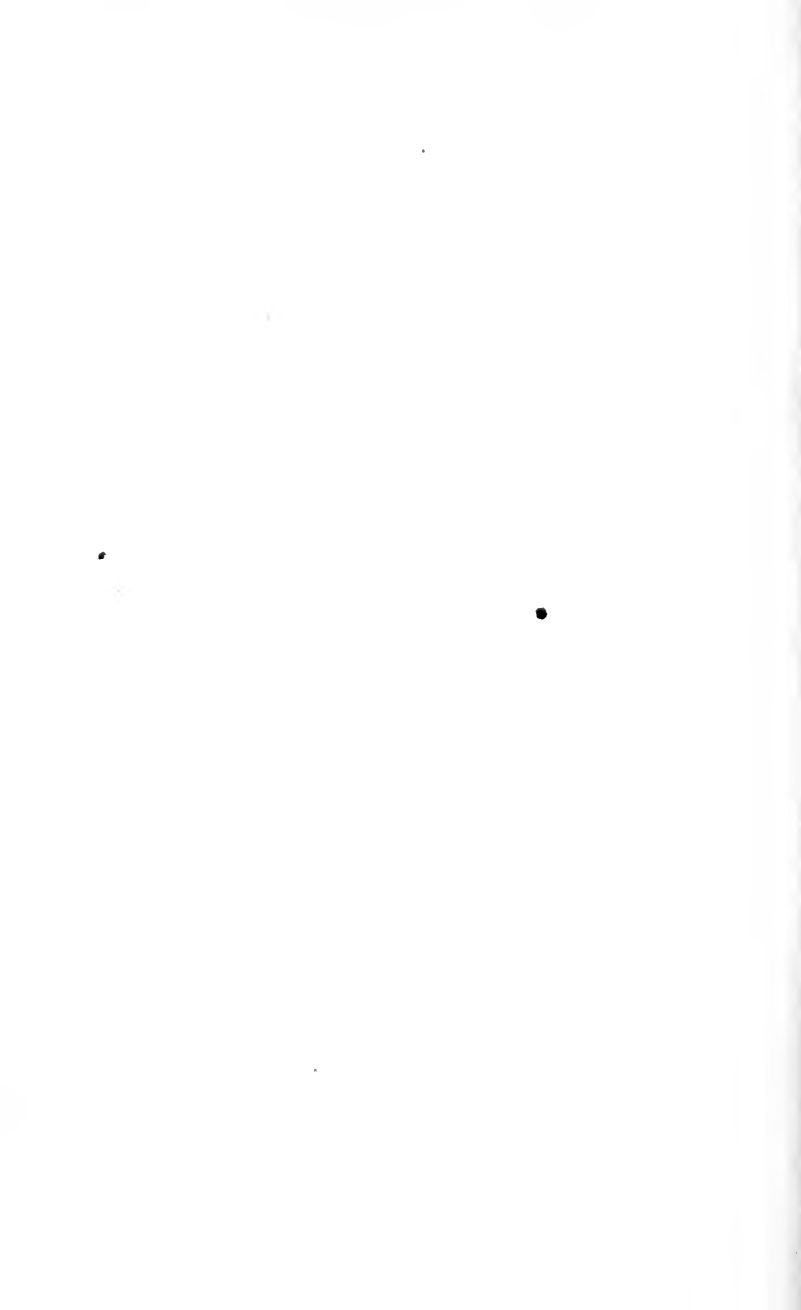
But few persons remain who can remember him, but he has left as a legacy to his country and to the world, verses which warm and delight the heart, and to the Church of Christ, sweet hymns which comfort the weary, and encourage and edify the Christian, and which will never cease to be poured forth with joyful harmonies till time shall be no more.

Let me always be, my dear Sir,

Very faithfully yours,

CHARLES LONGUET HIGGINS.

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